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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A CORRECTION

In our issue of February 11 we quoted from the *Westminster Gazette*, under the title, 'Remember the Lusitania,' a translation of a paragraph from the *Revue Maritime*, which seemed to contain a French official endorsement of Germany's submarine policy during the war. The accuracy of the translation has not to our knowledge been questioned, but the inference that the view it contained was endorsed by the French Ministry of Marine is probably false.

The London *Times* of February 6 prints a three-column explanation of what seems to have been a misreading of a series of articles on German submarine warfare, published in the journal quoted, two years ago, by Captain Castex, an eminent naval expert. The author of the *Times* article, Mr. Wickham Steed, characterizes the quotation in question — which was cited by the First Lord of the British Admirality, Lord Lee, at the Washington Conference — as 'incomplete, unfair, and misleading.' He says elsewhere, 'the unfairness resides not so much in the quotation of these passages, as in the omission to point out the major premise by which all were governed.' That major premise presumably is, that the opinion contained in the quotation was that of the German Naval Staff during the war, and not of Captain Castex himself. However, a certain vagueness exists in the argument of the original article; for Captain Castex says, apparently on his own authority, that, 'militarily speaking, there is nothing in its (i.e. the submarine's) utilization that was not absolutely correct. As to the torpedoing of ships without warning, the Germans reply, not without some show of reason, that they had warned vessels, once for all, not to enter the prohibited zone.' However, he asserts that the Germans 'sullied their flag too often, and in too many individual cases, by carrying out submarine warfare barbarously and in aggravating it by odious deeds.' Apparently this is an instance where an honest misunderstanding can exist as to Captain Castex's private opinion as to the strictly military justification of Germany's submarine policy; but no evidence has been presented to show that the French Naval Office, or the Captain himself, has ever endorsed that policy as a general rule of warfare.

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A BELGIAN OPINION OF AMERICA

L'Indépendance Belge, a liberal nationalist journal, publishes the follow-

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ing editorial paragraph under the title, 'Morale Américaine': —

We owe many things to America, among others the lessons in morals with which we have been so abundantly regaled for the past four years, and which we perhaps needed. It was rather humiliating to have young America preach so dictatorially to her grandmother Europe; but a grandmother is always pleased to see her grandchild in the pulpit.

It is extraordinary what gifts they have over there. In fact, all Anglo-Saxons have a love for preaching and moralizing. Lloyd George is a preacher, and besides his eloquence at Cannes he recently delivered a homily in the church of his little religious sect. Wilson is a preacher, as we are only too well aware. He tangles himself up in Biblical phrases like a person making his first attempt to eat macaroni. Perhaps English blood had as much to do as religion with William II's gift for pulpit oratory.

We Belgians seldom preach unless we have been trained to the profession. We may become a little umbrageous doctrinally when we have had a drop too much; but it is in a good-natured, cordial way, without pluming ourselves upon our virtue. That is why we sometimes feel rather humbled when our minds dwell on the virtues of the Anglo-Saxons. The vision of dry America, with her moral homilies, impresses us from a distance. We say to ourselves, with impious despair, that we shall never attain such moral heights. Just then, however, someone impolitely bursts out with figures regarding the lynchings in the United States in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1921. They are recorded in great detail. Sixty-three persons were lynched last year in the United States, of whom four were burned alive. Of the total, six were white and fifty-seven black; two of the latter were women.

These figures are very impressive. There is no mention of the fact that the persons lynched may have been innocent, for summary mob justice is prone to blunder. Recall how our sense of fair play was outraged by a certain Dreyfus case; recall how only the other day French jurors, after declaring Landru guilty, hesitated to recommend the extreme sentence because they still had a doubt. Does this not suggest that we already have had enough moral lessons from America to form a very fair idea of that grand and noble country?

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EAST AFRICA

A WRITER in the *Calcutta Modern Review*, describing a visit to East Africa late last year, says that very few Indians were on the steamer on the voyage out from Bombay, in contrast with his previous trips, when the steamers were crowded. On the other hand, there is a very heavy exodus of Indians out of Africa, who are returning home on account of the great trade depression and the discrimination against them in Kenya Colony. This writer criticizes the so-called Winston Churchill settlement regulating the status of the Indians in this colony. The general basis of the settlement is 'equal rights for civilized men,' by imposing the same property and educational qualifications upon whites and Indians seeking admission to the country or exercising the franchise there. These qualifications are so high — $750 per annum of income for voting, and the possession of $200 cash for admission to the country — that they exclude nearly 95 per cent of the Indians from these privileges.

Stead's *Review*, of Melbourne, says that the native tribes have been expropriated in this colony, where it is estimated that of the 30,000 square miles capable of cultivation nearly one third has passed into the hands of about one thousand settlers at a purely nominal price. The natives, driven from their best land and receiving little or nothing in the way of compensation, now live on land so crowded as to contain from two hundred to five hundred persons to the square mile. Needless to say, the population has fallen from four

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million to barely three million during the last thirty years.

However, the possession of great tracts of land does not profit the white settler unless he has cheap labor. The natives refuse to work for the white man except under stress of dire necessity. The Indians imported to take the place of the natives are demanding equal rights with the whites.

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RUMANIAN PROBLEMS

LAST winter Rumania had three Cabinets within four weeks, which is considered a record. On December 17, General Averesco resigned and Take Jonescu became Premier. A month later, Take Jonescu resigned and Bratiano organized a new ministry. General Averesco, who, in spite of his military rank and distinction, was the champion of the peasantry and of the new land-law, had a majority behind him in Parliament, but was opposed by three powerful parties — Democrats, Transylvanians, and Liberals. The peasants committed the blunder of choosing for their leader in Parliament a man who was identified with German propaganda in Rumania during the war and who was an ardent Republican. This led to dissension within their own ranks. Averesco himself had alluded to the Crown in terms that disquieted the Royalists. Take Jonescu, who had been Minister of Foreign Affairs in Averesco's Cabinet, was thereupon invited to form a new ministry to tide over the situation until the next election. He succeeded in securing enough supporters to carry on for a few weeks; but as soon as he announced the Cabinet's programme, he was defeated by two thirds of the votes in the Chamber. Bratiano, chief of the Liberal Party, who was Premier at the time Rumania entered the war, succeeded in forming a new ministry which is in power at present writing.

A special correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* writes from Kishenef, describing transportation conditions in this annexed territory of Rumania as deplorable, almost as bad as in Soviet Russia. There are no through trains. At every station whole trains are crippled or standing useless. Black Sea ports are crowded with Jewish emigrants on their way to Palestine. The German colonists in Bessarabia are prosperous. Elsewhere in that province the peasants have sufficient food and live stock, but their standard of living, always low, is sinking to a still deeper level because of the present political and economic disorganization. Rumania needs both capital and trained agricultural instructors and officials to redeem the provinces. At present there is much sympathy with the Bolsheviki among the common people, and an invasion from Russia might cause a general revolt.

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FRENCH FINANCES

M. HENRI CHÉRON, *rapporteur général* for the budget, estimated, in discussing the bill, that by the end of the current fiscal year the total public indebtedness of France will be 467 billion francs, which under normal circumstances would be equivalent to over 90 billion dollars, and even at present exchange amounts to more than a third of that sum. The annual interest charge upon this debt will exceed 21 billion francs a year, 'which is equivalent to saying that almost all of our budget resources will be absorbed in meeting the interest on the public debt without leaving anything to pay our public officials or to insure any of the public services.'

The approximate returns from the taxes during the year 1921 are now

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known. They fell short of the estimate by considerably over a billion francs, although certain taxes yielded more than was anticipated.

The great failures seem to have been in the case of the income tax, which yielded only one third of the anticipated amount, and the sales tax, which yielded considerably less than two billion francs, or only a little more than sixty per cent of the anticipated revenue. These deficits, especially in case of the income tax, are ascribed in part to the bitter resistance of the farming classes to these forms of impost.

France has already realized over three billion francs upon the war materials which she purchased from the American Government at the time our army was withdrawn, or about three hundred million francs above the total cost of the goods, including accrued and future interest on deferred payments. In addition, American goods to the value of about a quarter of a billion francs remain in the hands of the Government.

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COMMENTS ON IRELAND

AUSTIN HARRISON, in the *English Review*, is as jubilant as any British Liberal over the peace with Ireland. He observes that it throws the whole party life of the country into the melting-pot. Unionism has lost its motive. Ireland promises many interesting developments. 'To Irishmen, politics are the ozone of their being. They are as real to Irishmen as they are unreal to most Englishmen.' He believes that by freeing Ireland England has 'buried an epoch — the epoch of isolation from the rising New World. . . . By this act of political renunciation we have gained a universe, justified our imperialism, redressed a threatening balance. . . . To-day we are shriven before all men.'

The *London Statist*, discussing the lines of Ireland's industrial development as a free state, points out that the country's lack of coal and narrow trade connections will compel her production and commerce to follow, for some time to come, much the same lines as in the past. Food manufacturing, employing the products of her own agriculture, promises the most immediate success. Ireland's live stock is at present exported on the hoof, and slaughtered and packed in neighboring countries. More than half is not even fattened in Ireland. Irish farmers and investors can add much to the wealth of the country by fattening stock at home and packing in local establishments, thus saving the by-products and obviating a large expense for freight.

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UPPER SILESIA

A SPECIAL correspondent of *La Tribuna* of Rome reports that the Mayor of Breslau has decided to erect a monument as a constant reminder to the Germans of the loss of Upper Silesia. At the same time, the Prince-Bishop of Krakow is collecting funds to erect at Myslowitz, on the old boundary point of Russia, Austria, and Germany, a church commemorating the reunion of Upper Silesia with Poland. Krakow aspires to become the great metal-working centre of Silesian Poland. An electric line is under construction between that city and Kattowitz. Foreign capitalists and engineers have invaded Poland's new territory. Nearly all the zinc mines in Silesia have been awarded to that country, and almost without exception they have passed into the hands of English capitalists. The Prussian Government collieries have been reorganized with French capital. In fact, the correspondent intimates that the interests, present and prospective, of these capitalists were duly considered when the line dividing Upper Silesia between Poland and Germany was drawn.

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GERMAN EDUCATIONAL ITEMS

THE attendance at German universities has increased from 56,691 men and 4057 women in 1914 to 79,235 men and 8295 women in 1921. There has been a marked decline in the number of students in the Evangelical theological faculty, and a very slight increase in the number studying Catholic theology. The number of men studying medicine has decreased, whereas the number of women preparing for this profession has more than doubled. There have been decreases in the number of students in philology and history, whereas the number studying mathematics and natural science has remained about stationary. The notable increases have been in the attendance upon courses in jurisprudence, political science, and economics, which account for nearly all the additional students registered in 1921 as compared with 1914. The number studying agriculture has also more than doubled, but the enrollment in this faculty is but slightly over three thousand, as compared with some thirty thousand in political science and economics.

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, a canvass of the private schools of Berlin indicates that the number of persons learning foreign languages in that city has increased by about one half since before the war. Formerly English and French were about equally popular. Now, at the chief private language-school of the city, approximately one thousand are studying English, three hundred Spanish, and two hundred French. Russian and Scandinavian languages are receiving relatively little attention.

Many of these students propose eventually to emigrate. According to a Munich press report, the cabmen of that city are diligently learning English in anticipation of the hordes of Americans who are expected to flock to Bavaria this year for the revival of the famous Oberammergau Passion Play.

THE BRITISH FOUND A THRONE

WE have the *Manchester Guardian* to thank for the following account of an episode attending the setting-up of a new post-war Government: —

A good story is told of the installation-ceremony of King Feisul of Irak. Nothing had been left undone in producing the atmosphere necessary for such an occasion in the country of the Caliphs of Bagdad. The throne — or rather the chair of state — was a masterpiece in scarlet rep, tinsel, and gilt. After the ceremony, — which, it will be remembered, was an open-air affair, — the ritual required that the throne should be removed. A stalwart Ethiopian raised it above his head and bore it away past the assembled multitude. Then, and then only, was the nakedness of the land apparent. The frame beneath the seat was simple deal, and across the boarding was the legend in stencil of a firm that exports Scotch whiskey. It shall be nameless, because the most up-to-date advertising manager could never have hoped for such a display. It was worth a king's ransom, and yet it was free and unsolicited.

INDIA'S REVERSION TO HOMESPUN

AN article in the *Manchester Guardian*, describing the All-India Congress held during Christmas week at Ahmadabad, which was attended by some six thousand delegates, says that homespun was worn by practically everyone in the surging crowd. There was an exhibition during the sessions of handmade cloths of all kinds, from coarse canvas to the finest silks. Just outside the exhibition was an enormous spinning wheel with the spokes painted to resemble cannon. It was called 'Gandhi's artillery.' The meetings were held in a gigantic tent some six hundred feet

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long and four hundred feet wide, made entirely of homespun materials.

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THE NON-POLITICAL CHINAMAN

THE following editorial paragraph from the *Far Eastern Review* contains new testimony as to the indifference of the Chinese toward political questions described in the article on China, which we printed in our issue of February 18: —

It is of interest always to note, in these days of political confusion in China, that commerce and education are progressing. Perhaps in no other country in the world is there such a loose and elastic connection between the Governmental affairs of the nation and its business men. China's development in cotton spinning and weaving, flour milling, and in many other industries, has been unhampered by Governmental conditions, except in so far as funds advanced for the purchase of loan bonds and for levies of the war lords have been taken out of legitimate business and industrial pursuits. The manufacturers and the merchants are apparently indifferent to the Government, except in their gossip with their fellow countrymen or foreigners, and in those small ways in which the Government effects them either for good or bad. They make their plans and carry them through, going through the formality of registering their companies with the Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture, but letting the matter drop there. Just now the industrialization of the small city of Woosung, near Shanghai, is being carried on in an unpretentious way with two large cotton mills, a machine works, and a large projected sugar-refinery, looking forward to the eventual establishment of a manufacturing and shipping centre, purely Chinese, at the junction of the Whangpoo and Yangtsze rivers. Foreign manufacturers unfamiliar with events in China are unable to recognize this condition. They see a constant menace, that is apparently no bugaboo to the Chinese merchant, in the unsettled condition of the country Governmentally and decide to wait until 'things become more stable.'

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AMERICAN CAPITAL IN GERMANY

ACCORDING to a special correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* writing from Germany, the delegates to the International Labor Conference — when they visited Essen — were told that the capital of the new company formed to operate the works was largely American; that the factory when repaired would be used for the manufacture of machine tools and machine guns.

An interesting fact mentioned in this connection was that American manufacturers are investing large amounts of capital in Germany. Owing to the high cost of production in the United States and the low purchasing power of the mark, the Americans find it practically impossible to do any trade with Germany. Before the war they sent large quantities of goods to Germany, of which a great proportion consisted of agricultural machinery. In all the German converted war-factories the manufacture of this class of goods, especially threshing and reaping machines, ploughs, tractors, etc., forms a very important part of the output. The Americans, finding they cannot sell machines made in the United States, and determined to keep a share of what was a very lucrative trade, are securing a controlling interest in a large number of factories devoted to the manufacture of agricultural machinery, or to the making of furniture, doors, window sashes, and similar goods used in the building industry. The exceedingly favorable rate of exchange enables them to do this under conditions which secure a very large measure of control with a comparatively small investment of capital, reckoned in dollars. It is said that British capital is being similarly employed, but to a very limited extent as compared with American.

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CONSTANTINOPLE — THE RUSTY DOOR TO THE EAST

BY N. TEFFI

[*The article that follows is a translation of a chapter of a recent book by the talented Russian authoress, Madame Teffi, which has just appeared in Berlin under the title,* Stamboul i Sohntse.]

THE steamers blow their whistles, dozens of power launches chug their way back and forth, gliding Turkish *kaiks* dance on the surface of the water. But all this commotion makes no difference; the Bosporus is as sleepy as ever. She always seems as if draped in a light veil, behind which one fancies one sees her indolent, golden eyelashes, gazing indifferently at the bustle of life.

And in the evening, when the sharply outlined peaks of the minarets pierce the orange-colored sky and the calm Anatolian shore drapes itself in the amethyst twilight, all the moving luminosity, the darting rays of searchlights, the winking eyes of the lighthouses, seem unnecessary and out of place, making the Bosporus, which is unique on the whole earth, just like any other body of water in a large world port.

There are always people on the shore. Some are coming, others going; but most of them are simply gaping at the passengers. If you meet a person whom you know, he immediately offers to help you with counsel and advice.

'Are you looking for the custom-house? Or for your luggage? Just speak to the agent sitting over there. When we were here last he swindled us out of nearly everything we had. Are you looking for a place to eat? The best place is that little restaurant you see over there. Of course, their food is no good and they always cheat you on the check.'

'Then why do you recommend it?'

'That 's hard to tell. Anyway, it is a place I know something about. But don't worry, I 'll show you everything. You can buy bread and butter in this little shop. A regular crook, whom I know quite well, is selling all sorts of rotten stuff there. But don't worry, I'll fix everything for you.'

The worst problem that the Russian refugees arriving in Constantinople face is that of changing their money. On first sight, nothing might seem simpler. In every street in Constantinople, in every archway, almost under every window, you see a cockroach-moustached Greek, engaged in this worthy occupation. You can buy anything from him, exchange anything: francs for lire, lire for marks, Christ himself for six pieces of silver, since the rate of exchange has fallen to one fifth of its original value. You can exchange anything, except Russian money. That counts for nothing. The moment he learns that what you have to offer him is a package of Russian paper, the Greek raises his eyebrows, pouts, and says with supreme indifference, '*Pas d'affaire.*'

The second problem is lodgings. For filthiness and ugliness, the furnished rooms in Constantinople may be compared only with the women who rent them to you. Turkish families will not rent rooms to foreigners, and this whole trade is concentrated in the hands of Greek women with oily eyes and dirty hair.

The sympathies of new arrivals go out almost immediately to the Turks, for

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they are courteous, pleasant, and honest. The attitude of both the Turks and the Greeks toward the Russian is very peculiar: a mixture of fear and love — as if all the time they were waiting for something, and were afraid it might not come.

Here is an old Turk engaged in a violent altercation with a Greek tradeswoman. 'Just wait,' he says, 'the Russians will come. They 'll show you.'

'And do you think they won't show you, too?' replies the woman.

Exactly what it is they expect of us is hard to tell. But the inhabitants of Constantinople sigh in a chorus, as they repeat:

'Ah, the Russians, the Russians. They have such a remarkable soul, just like ours.'

And when you say to them: 'But won't you, please, exchange some of this Russian paper money for lire, so that this remarkable soul may not, by some accident, escape from our body here in your own Constantinople?' they reply: 'Exchange? Money? Ah, that 's different. We were talking about love, gentle love, and the merging of two loving hearts. But money, that 's something quite different. Your money does not interest us just now. Do you understand? *Pas d'affaire.*'

Drooping her golden eyelashes, the Bosporus gazes drowsily on this bustle of life. Will she suddenly heave a sigh, move her limbs, open her eyes, and rise? Probably not. She is there, beautiful, indolent, eternally sleepy.

There are no theatres in Constantinople. It is difficult to believe at first that such a large city should have no theatres. The local people of whom we inquired the reason for this, gave puzzling replies: 'There is nobody here to go to the theatre. The Turkish women go to bed very early.'

'Then why do they go to bed so early?'

'And what else are they to do? What would they do with themselves? There are no theatres.'

There you have it, a perfect circle of reasoning.

But the Turks are very fond of music, and nearly every week there is a concert in Constantinople. Really there are two concerts, one in the afternoon for the Turkish women, who are not supposed to leave their houses after seven o'clock, and one in the evening, for Turkish men and for Christian dogs.

And speaking about Turkish dogs: the famous Constantinople dogs we read so much about in our geographies are quite extinct. During the war the Germans gathered them all up and deported them to an uninhabited island where they fought each other to death. Another version has it that a kind-hearted Englishman who heard of the deportation sent to the ill-fated island large quantities of poisoned meat, so as to end the sufferings of the poor dogs. In any event, there are no more dogs in Constantinople.

And as we were saying before, there are no theatres in Constantinople. The concerts are very curious affairs. The programme consists mostly of the works of Turkish composers, who are also the musicians. The latter play violins or strike tambourines, while they also hum or sing. Ordinarily the programme is very long, including forty or fifty pieces and lasting from eight in the evening till two in the morning. Besides their own music, the Turks are very fond of Chopin's 'Nocturne' and Chaikovskii's 'Autumn Song.' When they play Chopin, it is almost impossible to recognize the piece; but these two compositions are invariably included in all the concert programmes that is the current fashion.

The Turkish women are very friendly to the Russians, but the Greek women prefer the French and the other Allies.

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For a while the beautiful Zoias and Calliopes, who had formerly admired so much their German cavaliers, were quite popular with the Allies, waltzing with the French and one- and two-stepping with the British. Special dances are held every Saturday and Sunday at the Hotel Splendid on the Prinkipo Islands, where the officers of the French and the British squadrons amuse themselves. Recently, however, permission has been granted for the officers to bring their wives to Constantinople, and the local charmers are now in eclipse. The American women, their dresses décolleté above, below, and on both sides, dance in such close proximity to their partners, half closing their eyes, and wearing an expression of such ecstasy, that one honest Englishman, after dancing a whole evening with one of them, had an acute attack of conscience and asked his friends if it was not his duty, as an honorable man, to marry her.

Turkish ladies are not supposed to dance. They watch the performance from behind columns, their faces half hidden by their black veils. Their costumes are not striking. Usually they consist of a dark blue or black silk dress, black being more common because the whole of Turkey is now in national mourning, and a short mantle of the same material worn over the dress, so that the upper part of the mantle covers the head — the face being concealed by a black veil, which nowadays, however, is usually raised. Their eyebrows show signs of the blacking-pencil, and their noses are assiduously powdered. Those silhouette-like women, with scarfs thrown about their shoulders, with soft and elastic motions, with seductive and fascinating glances, of whom we read in novels, one never meets on the streets of Constantinople. They are children of the inimitable Pierre Loti's imagination, and were created to tease his feminine friends in Paris.

But the Turks treat their women with utmost respect and declare, with admiration in their voice, 'The future of Turkey is in the hands of its women.'

Probably that is because the men of Turkey feel that nothing now remains in their own hands.

Yet men from other parts of Europe still find the women of Turkey fascinating. This is probably because it is difficult to see them distinctly, and impossible to talk to them.

While it is true that the better-educated Turkish women are beginning to appear in society, the rule still exists that women should not be on the streets after seven o'clock. In the street cars, all through the day, the first two benches have a curtain drawn before them and a sign, 'This is reserved for Turkish women.' After seven o'clock the curtain is drawn aside.

During the day, however, Turkish ladies go shopping, and on these excursions they speak French. Were it not for their veils and the absence of hats, they might pass for European women. And that is just what they wish. Translated fiction, foreign music, foreign perfumes, foreign art, foreign tastes — all these go to make up the soul of a present-day Turkish woman. They are turning away from the colorful things of the East.

'The harem? But we never had any harems. The European writers have invented the harem. And polygamy? Why, we never heard of it. No Turk ever had more than one wife.'

The Turkish woman has come out of the harem and, drawing aside he veil, she begins to watch intently what is going on in the rest of Europe. Eventually she will find a new road and will follow it.

Her native cultural baggage is very scant — just 'A Thousand and One

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Nights,' left her as an heirloom by the Arabs.

And it is really true that there are no harems for modern Turkish women. Only wooden bars guarding the windows of some of the older houses speak of what has been.

Something like a harem, or rather the shadow of a harem, one can find in the baths. The Turkish women spend there whole days, and possibly this takes the place of theatres for them.

The baths are situated in narrow alleys and are separated from the rest of the world by a variegated, heavy curtain. Passing through this curtain, you come into a circular room, with benches arranged along its walls. Near the ceiling are shelves with bedding, intended for rest. You climb to these shelves by means of narrow iron ladders.

Several black witches sit at the entrance. Bright strings of beads are wound around their necks. As you come in, they take charge of you, remove your clothes and lock them up with an expression and gesture of immense precaution, as if you had come into a pirate's den, in which they could not possibly be responsible for a single article of your property.

Then huge slippers are put on your feet and you are led into a round marble room, where women are lying all about on the stone floor. They are dozing, or singing, or moving their limbs in some sort of rhythm. The black witches circulate among them, bringing them small cups of drinking-water.

One of the women suddenly rises and after a few serpentine motions begins to sing in a high, throaty voice, reeking of almonds, garlic, and rose oil. Her songs are dreary and monotonous. Two other women, with slow, lazy motions, beat a simple rhythm on the bottom of their copper cups.

Warm water flows from open faucets, scattered all over the room. It falls to the marble floor with a soft patter.

At the entrance, two young women stand before a mirror and pencil their eyelashes. Their dark, slender bodies are held erect, and their hands move slowly, as they sing softly to themselves.

Yes, there it is — if not a harem, at least the reflection of one — a long-past dream.

Soon this, too, will disappear. Soon there will be a new Turkey. The old traditions are dying away, the colors are tarnished, the lines fade out. Chopin's music, played so badly as to be almost unrecognizable, takes the place of the native, throaty song.

A foreign civilization will come to Constantinople, wind itself round it like a serpent, and crush it in its deadly embrace. Then it will pass on.

The only thing that will remain will be a dream, a fairy tale. And just now this fairy tale is quickly drawing to its close.

You cannot begin to understand Constantinople if you 'go through it' with a Baedeker in your hands. Only after you have lived there for some time and have forgotten everything that, according to Baedeker, you should see, do you begin to understand its life and to conceive a real attachment for the true Stamboul — which one must feel, as well as see.

You must learn Constantinople. At first the city seems too bright, too spicy — almost painful in its extremes. Its fruit is too sweet, its broiled meat is too juicy, its candy is too brilliantly colored, its scented grasses are too strong. Its sun seems to jump and play and dance, coloring with all the hues of mother-of-pearl the strings of fish hanging in front of a shop, or glittering like a column of fire, as it catches the polished surface of a water-pitcher.

But you become accustomed to that;

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for all this glittering, spicy, ringing brightness merges into one joyful whole, which they call Stamboul. In Galata you are still in Europe. But when you cross the bridge and come into Stamboul itself, you find no more Europeans, nor their inevitable accompaniment, money-changers' kiosks.

Turn to the right and walk toward the old market place. Soon you will find yourself in the street of the *kitabchi*, the manuscript-dealers. Their tiny wooden shops are piled with torn and worn leaves of the Koran. The sayings of Mohammed, painted on paper that has become yellow with time and pasted into chipped frames, grace the walls of the shops. A low table or an overturned box, a broken cup with ink, constitute the furniture.

The kitabchi is usually old, with a flowing beard, glasses, and a turban. He sits on a small stool, almost on his heels, and transcribes the Koran. You can come into the store and stand there in silence for two whole hours; the old man will not interrupt his occupation and will say nothing to you. But if you speak to him, and exhibit any knowledge at all of the Oriental graphic arts, he will become animated and will show you with utmost excitement some twist of writing on a torn and yellow scrap of the old Koran.

You pass on to other shops. At the restaurants, the food is spread on tables placed on the sidewalks to tempt the passers-by. The dignified, bearded customers eat with their hands. The restaurant-keeper serves them also with his hands. Usually he is in a hurry and has no time to wash his hands or even wipe them off, but plunges them alternately into pots containing cooked lamb and boiled fish. As a result, toward the end of the day the taste of all these dishes becomes mixed and assumes a strange and tantalizing quality.

The Turks eat slowly and in silence, their eyes fixed on the spot where the wall meets the ceiling. Their manner of eating is like a veritable ceremony.

You pass on through the narrow streets and alleys. They draw you on, and finally confuse you completely and seldom bring you back to the place whence you have come.

It may be too bright, and spicy, and noisy, and sweet — this real Stamboul. But once you have tasted of it, everything else will seem to you insipid, colorless, and dead.

A man who had lived in Stamboul for a long time once said to me: 'I went back to my native land and was happy. But in that happiness, every evening, when I was alone, my face would turn to the East and my eyes would gaze toward Stamboul. I could never forget it.'

Here it is, the entrance to the East, which is so sombre and gay, so black and so bright — the real East. The door is covered with European rust and it opens but slowly and with great difficulty. But once you have opened it, you can never shut it again.

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WHEN THE RUSSIANS CAME TO CONSTANTINOPLE

BY EVELINE SCOTT

From the *Near East, January* 12
(London Weekly Review of Near Eastern and Indian Politics and Commerce)

As far back as I can remember and a great deal farther back than that, the inhabitants of the Bosporus have always thought of the Russians as a danger and a menace. Even as children we caught the prejudice from our Turkish neighbors, and whenever revolutionary clouds gathered on our horizon, never quite clear from promise of stormy times, we invariably thought the worst thing that could happen to us would be to have the Russians knock down the forts at the entrance to the Black Sea and take possession of Stamboul. Had it not always been the tradition to believe that some day they would inevitably conquer Turkey, make themselves overlords of the Black Sea by commanding its straits, and head of the Eastern Church by seizing old Byzantium? But there was more than a historical tradition behind our feeling. There was a present and lively fear of a Muscovite avalanche. Although we were English, we dreaded and disliked the Russians, as did our polyglot friends. If ever we heard cannonading, which was more frequent than you would believe, we used to say, cocking our ears, half as a joke and half in dread: 'Hear that? The Russians are coming!'

I could not help thinking about this the other day when I stood at my window and watched, through the drizzling rain, a dozen or more old French tramp steamers chugging slowly downstream with their heavy loads of refugees from the Crimea, packed in gray lines on every available spot on deck, high and low, fore and aft, on the bridge, in the lifeboats, along the railings — everywhere. The Russians had come to Constantinople at last. More than one hundred thousand of them, miserable, hunted, starving creatures, without property or hope, faced with a future of complete uncertainty and pursued by the ghosts of what they had seen. Nor were they the first, these Crimean civilians and remnants of Wrangel's army, to invade our city. They found thousands of their compatriots already here, for ever since the first revolution they have been coming and coming and coming. An endless Slavic stream. It would seem that in this age of refugees the Russian is the refugee par excellence. He has been trekking steadily for the last four years. From Petrograd to Moscow; from Moscow to the Volga; from the Volga to Sebastopol; from Sebastopol to Turkey — and then where next? Always the Russians have been fleeing from a terror that has dogged their footsteps, stolen their peace of mind, and finally pushed them into the sea.

They have taken possession, so to speak, of the city. You see them everywhere, in all manner of quaint and curious garb; in bedraggled uniforms of an obsolete army, in heavy furs brought from the ice-bound North, in the long, tight-fitting coats, woolly caps, ammunition shoulder straps and high boots of the Caucasus mountains, in the gay and fashionable dress of the Moscow nobility, and in the nondescript, pitiful apparel of the confirmed refugee. All classes, all ages, all trades, all professions are represented. It is as though

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Russia had been poured like sand, freely, through a funnel into the Turkish capital. . . . Was there ever a day when we spoke with confidence of Russia as a steam roller?

You may imagine what it means to have tens of thousands of refugees thrust into an overcrowded city, which has suffered more than most capitals in lack of opportunity to build new dwellings during the war, and which has been housing, moreover, an Allied army of no inconsiderable numbers. There has been horrible suffering. People have even gone so far as to say that it would have been less of a hardship to have faced a Bolshevist invasion than an uncertain and unhealthy foothold in a congested alien city. Bewildered authorities have done their best to meet the problem, but how can such a problem be adequately met? There is so much of it. And where is it to end? Who will be bold enough to say when Russia will be again a safe country to live in?

Individuals, societies, organizations try desperately to alleviate some of the misery. Camps are formed outside the city; governments segregate the refugees on the Princes' Islands. Indeed, Prinkipo, made famous to the western world by Wilson's proposals that it be a meeting for pourparlers with the Bolsheviki in 1919, has been turned for some time into a miniature Crimean watering-place. There, instead of the nondescript Levantines of other days, who might combine in their persons the blood of five or six nationalities, you see the sturdy Slavic figures of men and women with large frames, strong faces, high cheek bones, blue or gray eyes, and the free, rather wide, stride of a powerful race.

You can go to several apartments and *salles de vente* in Pera and buy anything from secondhand clothes to furs and diamonds, fans and snuffboxes brought there by the refugees to be turned into money for bread. Who knows what treasures might be picked up? Eighteenth-century lacquer work, and fine embroidery, strange and costly gems and antique china — last relics of that old autocratic order in Russia which has so hopelessly and completely collapsed. Strange tales reach your ears of men who were once lawyers in Petrograd selling newspapers in the street; of ladies who commanded five servants in their day offering their services as nursemaids. Oh, there has been suffering! But the Russians are a proud and virile people, and you can see them rising slowly and doggedly from their low estate; and soon they will have outwitted even so malign a fate as has lately struck them down.

It is most intensely interesting to observe the changes they have wrought. Pera, the European quarter, is a different place. It is Russianized. Over the foundation of unstable, shifting Levantines has been spread a layer of Slavic humanity. There are Russian newspapers and Russian restaurants. The best Armenian restaurant, which for years has held prestige over all others, is completely overshadowed by two or three Russian eating-places, which have excellent cuisines (what people know better than they how to prepare and enjoy food?) and as well, which is far more important, they have efficient service and an air that smacks of the complexity of western tastes and manners. The *Nouveau Théâtre*, that tawdry, tinsel theatre built out of an old skating rink, presents symphony concerts, and the musicians are all Russians. Never before in history has Constantinople had local music that could touch it in beauty and technique. Indeed, artists of all kinds are as easily picked up on the streets of Pera to-day as daisies on the Bosporus hillsides in April. You can hear the best music for next to nothing. A famous bass from the Petrograd

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Opera House comes to your door begging you to arrange a concert for him; a celebrated pianist-composer will be more than grateful for an introduction to ladies of society who give musicales. Fine cellists play in restaurants, who in pre-war days held concert halls spellbound.

The Russians have brought other things to Pera, too. They have brought gayety and color and a devil-may-care spirit into the night life of the place. There is an intensity and abandon to their way of living which horrify the mild and thrifty native. You hear sinister tales of questionable clubs where there is loud carousing and heavy drinking every night in the year. There realism of Gor'kii's novels has been scattered all over a sophisticated quarter that is not unversed in the realism of many nationalities. But there is something peculiar and individual about the idiosyncrasies of the Russian. He is more thriftless than the Irishman, gayer than the Italian, more melancholy than the Englishman, more artistic than the Pole, and in his powers of recuperation and buoyancy outdoes the ever-persecuted Armenian, which is saying a good deal. If a Russian wants something, he wants it badly; if he decides to go down the broad road to destruction, he goes the whole way. He does not mince matters. How often do you see the exasperated benefactor throw up his hands in despair, when the Russian to whom he has given a warm overcoat sells it that same day and goes on a great and glorious spree for two whole nights and days on the proceeds, with nothing at the end of it but blank hopelessness and further begging for warm overcoats? It is whispered that certain dark and narrow side streets in Pera are not as safe as they were and that hungry men are desperate robbers. And do you think the Allied Police can cope with the situation?

The problem comes much nearer home than seeing poor outcasts on the streets or hearing an occasional fortnightly symphony concert. There is, for instance, my friend, Mrs. A——, who has taken up as a protégée the twenty-five-year-old daughter of an ex-Minister. She is exceedingly well educated, speaking English and French fluently. She has lived in the best society in Petrograd and her father owned an estate outside the city. Now she is living in one room in a Bosporus village, eking out a bare living by teaching French and acting as part-time governess to tiny children. She came to me the other day and most volubly told me her story and asked my advice. She is very independent and determined to stand on her feet. Not so the Princess who was taken in by my warm-hearted cousin. 'Such a woman!' remarked my cousin, whose warm heart, I fear, underwent a severe cooling process, 'Such a woman! Untidy, lazy, ungrateful. She turned my house into an hotel, got up at all hours, expected endless services from the maids, left her cigarette ash all over the carpets, and invited her friends to spend prolonged week-ends with her. Finally I had to employ a ruse, hire a special carriage, and secure the backing of an Allied official to get rid of her.' I remember a ride I had in the American College truck by the side of the wild Russian driver, last summer. He was fair and big, with a shaved head, blue eyes and a most intelligent manner. His English was feeble, but he lost no opportunity to improve it. He chatted to me in the strangest mixture of French, German, and English. He explained that he had half his diploma from the University before the war and he wanted to study more. I looked at his grimy hand and rough overalls. 'Do you think, Madame,' he said, 'I can to learn in Robert College next year?'

The taking of Constantinople by the

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Russians has been an undramatic but an exceedingly thorough affair. Will this flood of new life into this old city have any permanent effect? You wonder sometimes when you hear constant stories of intermarriage; how your friend, the American Y. M. C. A. director, has just taken to himself a Russian wife, or how your Russian chauffeur has lately become engaged to your Armenian nursery maid, or how Mr. Dubensky has so well established himself in trade that he has leased a large office building for twenty years. On the other hand, there are rare moments in which you are made to feel uneasy yourself, for the confirmed pessimist among your acquaintances will tell you that the Crimea is n't very far away from the Bosporus after all, and that the Bolsheviki may take it into their heads to come your way. And then who knows? You yourself may be joining with the Russians next time, in this eternal business of theirs, of refugeeing. You wonder for an uncomfortable moment. And then you look at the Allied warships in the harbor and take heart again.

IN THE LAND OF KEMAL PASHA

BY BERTHE-GEORGES GAULIS

[*The following article, by an intensely anti-English and anti-Greek friend of Turkey, is quoted from a series of letters describing the author's last visit to Anatolia, where he has just spent several months. Three of these letters appeared in* L'Opinion *of January* 14, 21 *and* 28, *and one in* Figaro, *January* 26.]

A VISITOR'S first steps into the stronghold of the Turkish Nationalists are dramatic and interesting. To be sure, he is merely on the glacis of that fortress; he has not penetrated its interior, nor will he, without much future labor. But his first glance, on landing from the steamer, reveals many elements of the Anatolian problem. In the distance the smoke of Greek torpedo boats drifts across the water; they do not venture within gunshot of the shore, but lie without, an ever-present menace. A steamer from Trieste is disembarking two hundred passengers and a vast quantity of merchandise at this little port, Ineboli. In the immediate vicinity a French freighter has just finished discharging her cargo. The town fills the bottom of a tiny horn-shaped valley, opening toward the sea, and straggles up the flanks of the neighboring hills. It is a white, cheerful town, with houses dotted here and there in the midst of brilliant autumn foliage, their bright walls dazzling in the sunshine, which seems to defy the proprieties of late November.

Our lodgings are in the highest part of the town, facing an incomparable sea horizon. To-day the water is as smooth as glass. The Black Sea is of a deep, brilliant blue, resembling a broad purple line drawn between the two worlds which it separates: Turkey and Russia. Every indentation in the coast is luminous with sunlight. The neighboring gardens are aflame with roses. The hos-

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pitality of our Turkish host knows no bounds. I watch the peace of evening descend over Ineboli.

In the early morning, the dignitaries of the village surround our auto, to bid us farewell as we depart for Angora. Toward midday Kastamuni greets us — a pretty, lively, laughing town, nestled along a river bank. We stop to rest at the home of a young doctor, who is the head of the local 'Red Crescent' society. Our little Ford, which has already bravely cleared more than one bad bit of road, now attacks the slopes of Ilkaz Dagh, a steady climb of over six thousand feet. Our progress is slow, on account of the gullies made by the autumn rains; but we pick our way among them without incident. Our chauffeur is an experienced and skillful driver. The highway becomes a narrow cleft through a boundless, impenetrable forest. Huge fir trees crowd thickly to the very edge of the road. We reach the summit, which is unwooded, at six P.M., just in time for a view of a glorious sunset, which tinges the neighboring snowy heights with a deep ruddy glow — the Turkish colors.

That night we stop at Kotchhissar, a little village of seventeen hundred people, on the ancient highway which Sultan Murad built three hundred and fifty years ago to join Bagdad and Scutari. The neighboring region is densely peopled, containing several large villages twice the size of Kotchhissar, well-tilled fields, and numerous flocks. Its black soil is marvelously fertile.

The following evening we reach the little town which is to be our last stopping-place before Angora. It is a tiny white city, also on the bank of a river, commanded by an ancient fortress, and embowered in vineyards and orchards. We linger here an entire day, loitering in pleasant idleness, reveling in the local color and beautiful scenery. Bazaar life runs along the same as ever; artisans are working, merchants are selling, customers are buying. Curious children cluster around us, scattering like a flock of sparrows whenever a policeman appears, and gathering about us again the moment he is out of sight. An old merchant shows us a falcon that he has just finished training, a graceful but cruel bird, which instantly obeys its master. Venders tempt us with trays of luscious fruits. Leaves brilliant with red and gold drop silently from the ancient trees. A cool breeze tempers the burning sun, and the sky is tinged with delicate hues which only Persian art can reproduce. We feel ourselves in an idyllic paradise, until suddenly a man inquires: 'When shall we have peace?'

At Angora we discovered a mission from Afghanistan installing itself in a little building in one of the principal thoroughfares. The chief of the delegation told us, in the figurative language of the East, that Islam was a great body, of which Turkey was the head, Azerbaijan the neck, Persia the breast, Afghanistan the heart, India the abdomen, Egypt, Palestine, Turkestan, and other Mohammedan countries the arms and legs. Then he added: 'If you injure the head, will not every other part of the body spring to its defense?'

Leaving the Afghans, we told our driver to take us to the Bolsheviki.

Kanis, or peasant carts, passed us in long columns. They are the freighters of Anatolia, and the plaintive creaking of their wheels is never out of hearing. A kani is a primitive vehicle, but it is master of the highway. The oxen plod stolidly along, bowing under their heavy yokes, usually driven by women, old men, or boys. Our driver, caught in the long procession, extricates us with difficulty from its leisurely and ponderous toils.

Finally we reach the opposite sub-

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urbs and halt before a residence next an ancient mosque. There is no one at the door, so we enter, ascend the stairs, and come to a vast, deserted apartment. It is a sumptuous embassy, furnished with magnificent carpets. On a long table some appetizing cakes have been set out. One of the party advances toward a doorway covered by a heavy portière. Observing this, a young Soviet citizen rushes out of another door and stops him. Evidently that is the office of the Minister. The young Bolshevik leaves us a moment, but soon returns, and beckons us to follow.

Just now the head of the delegation is absent, and the Councilor of the Embassy receives us. Another comrade acts as interpreter. Our reception is at first a cool one. Evidently the interpreter was trained under the Tsar; he has all the little diplomatic tricks of that environment. Soon the Councilor is addressing us in excellent French, curtly correcting the interpreter for his slight errors.

We have a veritable duel. He tries to fathom all my thoughts. When I criticize his Government for the way it treats the intellectuals, he parries by observing that five sixths of the people are peasants, that they constitute the most vigorous nation in the world, and that they must be considered first. When I refer to the famine, he admits that the situation is dreadful and hopeless, but 'if our ideas triumph, we shall be well repaid for the present suffering.'

Still he will not show his hand. When I press him too closely he is silent. But he does not lose a word or a gesture of mine. His face remains stolid; an opaque veil seems to hang before his thoughts. He exhibits no enthusiasm, but cold resolution, absorption in a fixed idea: 'When we are able to go to Paris' — how much those words signify! His last shaft, directed with such precision that it was impossible to detect the slightest irony, was this: 'Will you have the kindness to send me what you write about Turkey on this trip? I have read your previous articles, and shall read your new one with much interest.'

We next drive into the country. A fine rain is falling, giving a grayish and melancholy tone to the landscape. A pretty little house in an orchard is serving as the embassy of Azerbaijan. That country's representative comes down to the door to greet us. Servants are stationed around the stairway, and we are led to an office on the upper floor, completely covered by Azerbaijan carpets, the Gobelins of Asia. In the course of our conversation, during which our host describes the civilization of his country as far-advanced, its schools as numerous, and its industries as prosperous, we are told that the people 'have adapted communism to Mohammedan doctrine.'

At the conclusion of his remarks, the Minister uses the atomic theory to illustrate his ideas. 'Take atoms, and separate them, and if they belong to the same family they will constantly seek to reunite. If they do not, they remain in separate groups. Islam includes Arab atoms, Turk atoms, and many others. Pan-Islamism, which is a purely European theory, confounds the attraction of Islam and the attraction of Nationalism. That is a blunder.'

The Minister came down again to accompany us to our carriage, with that Mohammedan courtesy which honors at the same time the one who renders it and the one who receives it.

Even in the rain, Angora preserves its inexpressible charm. At every turn there emerges from the shadows some old wall monument, an ancient fountain, or half forgotten vestige of Roman days. The principal streets are crowded, and everywhere the kanis, like blind fate, lumber on their creak-

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ing course; everywhere ruins, and everywhere the daily life of to-day. My carriage now turns toward the residence of Mustafa Kemal, who is my host. It is already dark, and the Pasha's house, high up on a hill, is brightly illuminated, shining through the darkness like a lighthouse.

A tall, vast stone structure resembling a small fortess or an eagle's nest, perched on a fold of land dominating a narrow valley, solidly built, and sheltered by neighboring peaks — such is Chan-Kaya, the residence of Mustafa Kemal. A few metres beyond are nature's fortifications, and farther still a broad plateau, guarded by sentinels.

Over the long slope below, extending toward the town, little vine-embowered cottages are scattered like a line of skirmishers. This winter they are tenanted by officers of Mustafa Kemal's staff and their families. One is occupied by the leading writer of the Nationalist cause, Ruchene Ekref.

Charming young ladies, accustomed to the conforts and luxuries of Constantinople and to the life and movement of the Bosporus, live an austere life here in these mountain chalets. Each of them finds a way to gather about her dainty trifles and mementos of her more pampered, if not happier days — books, and little artistic things, which give a touch of refinement to the tiny wooden homes which they call 'huts.'

Women have taken an important part in the Nationalist movement. They have been ardent patriots from the first. The peasant women of Anatolia have contributed very largely indeed to the success of the national government. They have taken the places of their husbands who have gone to the front, and are keeping the productive machinery of the country going.

So Chan-Kaya is a little colony by itself, clustered around the great stone building, with its garden and terraces, old trees, and fountains. An Oriental kiosk, a perfect little play palace adjoining Mustafa Kemal's mansion, was assigned for my use, and I became greatly attached to it during my month's sojourn. It was filled with the beautiful trifles one likes to have about, that delight the eye and recall the past. Each of its windows framed a different view, and was so placed as to catch all the beauties of a distinct landscape composition. There was not a discordant color tone or line in this tiny building or the views it commanded. In one direction it overlooked Angora, clinging to a distant hillside and proudly wearing her ancient ramparts like a noble decoration. Each people, who in the course of history passed this way, has left traces of its presence. The gray old buildings and white minarets incessantly change tone and color with the position of the sun; but the clear-cut outlines of the ancient ramparts remain ever rigid and immutable.

Chan-Kaya is three miles from Angora, and although telephone and telegraph lines connect them, couriers and visitors are constantly passing to and fro. Mustafa Kemal, a man of rapid action and decision, speeds back and forth between the two places in his automobile at all hours of the day and night. Yet we live in an atmosphere of seclusion and retirement. We are more than three thousand feet above sea level. Our view commands a vast horizon over the rolling plateau which falls away in a thousand undulations towards the distant sea. Far to the south lies the sunny coast where flowers bloom throughout the year. One hundred and twenty miles to the west burned villages mark the line of the last Greek retreat. To the north, in the direction of Ineboli, the remoter distances are zoned with gold and purple, indicating far-off heights and valleys.

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UNREST IN INDIA

BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN

[*The author is an Englishman who occupied an official post in India from* 1916 *until* 1921. *During this period he traveled in all parts of the country and came in contact with all classes of both white and native society. He has the advantage of a thorough training in history, economics, and ethnology. He wrote down his notes on the spot, and we quote from his manuscript, which is entitled,* Indian Unrest and Home Rule.]

From *Neue Freie Presse, January* 24, 25
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

England regards Indian agitation for Home Rule as the childish ingratitude of a nation that has been rescued by her from despotism and oppression and ruled by her, mildly and justly, for more than a century. Continental Europe, on the other hand, seems to imagine that the helpless and unarmed Indians are fighting desperately and devotedly for freedom and for the rights which every self-respecting people should enjoy, and that these rights and liberties are being kept from them by a clique of reactionary officials who are interested only in exploiting the country and perpetuating their special privileges.

As in most great questions, the truth lies somewhere between these two opinions. In order to understand the situation, we must first know something of the peculiar features of India and Indian life. That country, although it constitutes a geographical unit, has never in the past formed a single nation, either politically or ethnographically. Only twice in its history have native kings or emperors ruled the whole peninsula: Asoka, two hundred and fifty years before Christ, and the Great Moguls from Akbar to Aurangzeb, between 1550 and 1707 A.D. The intervening period witnessed a confused succession of political changes, which shifted the boundaries of the native states almost every decade. India has a population of more than three hundred million, of whom over two hundred and twenty million are Hindus and sixty million are Mohammedans. The remainder belong to a multitude of minor tribes. Each nation and tribe has its own language. In addition the people are divided into castes, every occupation constituting a caste. These castes vary in different districts. Some provinces have more than twelve hundred of these distinct social groups. Members of different castes do not eat at the same table, do not intermarry, and do not have any social contact with each other. More than ninety-six per cent of the people of India are illiterate, and a great majority of them live under scarcely better conditions than the natives of Uganda. The religion of the masses is little more than fetishism: red-painted stones, trees, mammals, and reptiles are objects of worship. Forests and rivers are believed to be inhabited by spirits; human sacrifices are still secretly made. In general, the people of India are harmless, timid, childlike, happy to be let live and die as their fathers did, and as uninterested in the problems of government as in problems of higher mathematics. Yet it is true that some of the people have

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been taught to hate England by professional agitators, who do not shrink from the most grotesque lies to impose upon the ignorance of the masses.

Who, then, are demanding Home Rule? During the last sixty years young Indians have been sent to Europe to be educated, and others have attended colleges in India conducted on the European plan. There has thus grown up a small group of educated natives, most of whom are beyond question honorable men, who honestly seek the moral and material elevation of their countrymen. Among these is Mr. Gandhi, of Bombay, who is the leader of a movement for India's regeneration. Unhappily the voices of the moderates are drowned by the howling of the extremists. Rich Indians who resent their social exclusion from Anglo-Indian circles and envy British officials their authority; men who, after finishing an expensive education, have failed to secure jobs in Government service; declassed adventurers gifted with a faculty for public speaking, and demagogues of every kind — these constitute the dissenting element. They have dubbed themselves the liberators and champions of India. Many of them are honest in their purpose, but have no conception whatsoever of political questions or government, although they possess a knack of catching the public ear.

Of the many causes for the agitation and unrest in India, the following seem to be the weightiest: —

1. The natural excitability of a childish and sensitive nation ruled by a foreign and unsympathetic race. It would be difficult to find two human beings more dissimilar than the average Briton and the average Indian. Each has his deep-rooted national prejudices; each is prone to misunderstand radically and hopelessly the ideas and character of the other.

2. The awakening of national self-consciousness in a small section of the people. Indians who have been educated in Europe, or who are in constant touch with Europeans and have the example of the British before their eyes, have doubtless conceived a keen desire to enjoy the same rights as other nations, and to transform their country into a self-governing commonwealth within the British Empire. A powerful patriotic sentiment has grown up in these circles. The study of the European languages has given way to the renewed study of Sanskrit and the Sanskrit Scriptures. India's history, after a long period of neglect, is being eagerly cultivated. Everything Indian, whether worthy or not, is regarded as hallowed.

Until recently the Indians enjoyed no political rights and had no share in the Administration, except in very rare instances and in subordinate positions. Recently a small number of higher administrative appointments have gone to them. The number of natives in the legislature has been increased, and natives have been admitted to the Viceregal Council, although the Viceroy still retains the veto. Some provinces have been entrusted to native governors. These reforms have aroused a real storm of resentment among English residents and officials, without satisfying the demands of the Hindus themselves.

3. Exorbitant taxation and unjust land laws. As successor to the Mogul Empire, the Indian Government theoretically holds the title to all the land in India. However, the private holder remains in possession of his land so long as he pays about one third of its gross product to the Government. Although really a rent, this tribute is called a tax. The proprietor can sell or bequeath two thirds of his property as he wishes. One can easily see that the income of the Government in India is very large.

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None the less the Administration can be justly accused of stinginess. There are practically no public institutions, like museums, libraries, and universities. There are no permanent provisions to prevent or even to alleviate famine. There are no insane asylums, no leper colonies. Lepers roam about in public and can be found in the side streets and alleys of any large Indian city. Even the hospitals are inadequate both in numbers and in management. The post office, railways, canals, and irrigation works pay their own way. Even the law courts are self-supporting, on account of the high fines imposed upon offenders. Consequently there is no reason why the Government should be heavily burdened. Native civil servants receive miserable pay, and English civil servants, except the men in the highest posts, earn only a living salary. None the less, oppressively high taxes are one of the chief causes of the regularly recurring famines. In many districts the peasantry are chronically insolvent. The cultivator is often forced to mortgage his future crop in order to purchase seed. While he consumes the grain he raises, every increase in prices and every year of drought threaten him with bankruptcy and starvation. He is in truth only a slave. In the more fertile parts of the country, such as Bengal, even heavy taxes have not prevented the ryots, or peasants, from attaining a certain degree of well-being. In the less fertile districts, however, the land levy often exceeds one third of the crop. It has been increased with the lapse of time. During bad years it is merely postponed, never canceled. The Government's measures against famine are generally limited to distributing seed for the next crop, and are seldom radical in their character.

Another evil is the fact that nearly every Indian landholder is in the clutches of a *baniya*, who is at the same time a petty trader and a money-lender. These men are the most extortionate and the most hated class in India. During the reign of the Great Moguls, land could not be levied upon for debt, so that no matter how much money the peasant might owe he was sure to retain possession of his farm. This limited the power of the baniya, and fear of violence or death at the hands of his debtors also had a restraining influence upon him. The English Government has removed these protections from the peasants, and the British courts have been exceptionally severe in enforcing debt collections, thereby delivering the peasants completely into the hands of their oppressors.

4. Decline of national arts and crafts, and consequently fewer opportunities to earn a good income. During the last century native manufacturers have suffered keenly from European competition. That was naturally unavoidable. The silks and woolens of Kashmir, once so much in demand in every court of Europe, have been forced out of the market by the products of French and German looms. India cottons have been excluded from Europe's markets by Lancashire cotton. Shipbuilding has become almost a lost art. The disappearance of the innumerable native monarchs with their courts was a heavy blow to native handicrafts. The East Indian Company made every effort to discourage native fabrics in order to clear the market for the importation of their own manufactures. At one time the finest muslins in the world were woven in Dacca. Among these was the famous 'Evening Dew,' a material so delicate in texture that it looked like dew when spread upon the grass. The Government passed a law prohibiting the manufacture of fabrics exceeding a certain minimum fineness, and thus wiped

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out a highly skilled art. To-day it has been irretrievably lost, although the law which destroyed it has long since been repealed. Shortly before the last war the Government levied a tax upon domestic cotton fabrics, which were again threatening to exclude British goods from the local market. That tax has since been repealed, but Lancashire is agitating for its restoration. These discouragements to industry and trade are felt particularly by the middle classes, whose members are forced to seek employment in banking institutions, Government offices, and the overcrowded legal and medical professions. In all these careers competition has reduced incomes to a minimum.

5. Inadequate provision for public education. India has no elementary public schools. Young people of the better classes attend private schools and colleges, of which there are altogether too few. These are under Government supervision, and the requirements for a bachelor's or master's degree compel the student to learn much worthless rubbish. The examinations are exacting and are conducted entirely in English. Instruction in practical branches, such as architecture and engineering, and in the natural sciences, is practically non-existent. A vast amount of time is wasted in acquiring useless knowledge of no practical benefit to its possessor. His only reward is a clerk's appointment or a miserably paid position in the Government service, with nothing ahead to encourage initiative or ambition. You run across men holding higher academic degrees in every walk of life, even behind ticket windows at the railway stations.

6. Unfriendly attitude of the English toward the natives. It is most lamentable that the British and the Indians have practically nothing in common. The social barriers between the two races are kept up in an offensive manner, and the whites are generally rude and contemptuous in their attitude toward the natives, giving the latter to understand with unnecessary harshness that they are a subject people. No Indian can belong to an English society or club. This is bitterly resented, especially by wealthy Indians of high rank. In the other hand, the natives do all in their power to widen the gulf between the two nations. Their contempt for women is so inborn, their ideas of good social manners are so different from those of the English, that it is hard to imagine them being received in European circles. Furthermore, the character of the average Indian is not calculated to inspire esteem. His principal weakness is his lack of truthfulness and his proneness to mean trickery, for which he has a peculiar gift. In a country where almost every native official will accept fees, where the police practise extortion on the people, where both true and untrue charges are taken into court every day for purposes of blackmail, where, in a word, the atmosphere of the tribunals is saturated with deception and intrigue, it is scarcely strange that even the best friends of India eventually become disgusted with the natives and learn to look down upon them — especially in a climate which encourages irritation and bad temper, even in those who practise the firmest self-control. A native magistrate charged with bribery never thinks of denying the fact. He has returned one bribe to the loser, and retains the bribe of the man who won the suit. This idea of justice — which, it must be borne in mind, prevails among Indians of the highest academic training — is ordinarily accepted by the common people.

Now the Nationalist Party in India proposes self-government as a cure for all these evils. English officials in India believe the only salvation is to

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go back to the old system of stern, inflexible foreign rule. It is too late to adopt the latter remedy, and too soon to adopt the former; so the English Government is trying to follow a middle path and thereby pleases no one.

Two tasks lie before the Indians, the accomplishment of which is much more urgent than Home Rule. These are the establishment of a system of free public schools, and the improvement of agriculture. Neither of the two opposing parties — the British officials or the native agitators — has made these reforms a part of its programme. We must remember, however, that in both instances bitter opposition must be overcome; for the Indian is intensely conservative and distrusts everything English. In addition, the hostility of the Brahmans, who are the higher class, must be encountered, for their privileges and influence would be undermined were the common people to be educated. That explains why the Home Rule Party, which is recruited from these higher classes, has carefully avoided advocating public schools or agricultural instruction, and has thereby betrayed the nation's true interests.

India is almost exclusively an agricultural country, but its farming methods are the same that they were centuries before the Christian era. The Indian must be taught to raise bigger crops. He must learn to use modern tools and implements. Every peasant should have an opportunity to obtain elementary instruction in farming methods. He should be qualified to use cooperative societies. But first of all, he must be freed from the unjust taxes which oppress him, and this can be accomplished by economies in the Indian administration. Even more important is primary instruction. Every Indian should have an opportunity to learn to read and write his mother tongue, and to learn how to keep his own accounts.

It is possible, by such measures and by cultivating a sound, responsible public opinion, to raise India to a position she has never known in her history. Until these things are accomplished, the Indians will remain an ignorant, helpless, superstitious, and suspicious people, to be made the plaything and tool and victim of any clique that chances to have power in its hands. If the Administration seriously sets about accomplishing the intellectual and moral regeneration of India along the lines here suggested, the country may be ready for Home Rule in another generation.

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LETTERS FROM AMERICA. I

BY SENATOR LUIGI ADAMOLI

From *Nuova Antologia, January* 16
(Liberal Literary Semi-Monthly)

Boston, *December* 23, 1866

I have been in America three days and have been received with such kindness and cordiality that I am enthusiastic over the New World. The sun also has given me a splendid welcome. After a stormy passage across the Atlantic, and after passing through a dense fog which compelled the *Giava* to anchor for several hours outside Boston Harbor, a kindly fate suddenly rolled back the curtain and displayed the panorama of the city and the port. Cottages, lighthouses, and signals dot the harbor and its shores, to which curiously carved hills and cliffs lend a touch of picturesqueness. In the distance was the narrow entrance to the inner harbor, which is defended by two forts. All we could detect of the city proper was a few steeples and the cupola of the State House. After a careful inspection of our luggage by the customs officers, we went directly to a hotel.

I noticed at once that I was in a strange country, very different from our old Europe. Car tracks furrow the pavements, along which horses pull enormous vehicles that take the place of our busses. Steam ferryboats large enough to carry railway cars ply across the arms of the bay and the river. They are very different from our modest skiffs. The carriages and sleighs are so light that they seem made of wire, and the harnesses of the horses are remarkably simple. I have put up at the Parker House, a miniature city in itself. It is thronged with foreigners and natives. On the main floor there are, besides the reception hall and dining-rooms, a number of shops where one can purchase whatever one may need. If I were asked the national dish, I should say it was oysters. They may be had in every conceivable way — fried, steamed, in soups, and in forty other varieties.

Boston, *December* 25, 1866

Friends of Mr. Timens — Martin Brimmer, Mr. Perkins, and the latter's two sisters — received me like an old friend. The other day Mr. Perkins, after putting me up at the Somerset Club and giving me a dinner there, showed me some of the delightful environs of the city. The following day Mr. Brimmer took me to Cambridge to visit Harvard College, where I registered my name after that of General Grant and the Prince of Wales. On our return we stopped at the Union Club, a political organization founded some five years ago. Before the Rebellion, Boston, like the other cities in the North, was divided into pro-war and anti-war parties. The former — radical Republicans — decided to found a club where they could discuss matters freely among themselves, limiting the membership to their own party. A great number hastened to join. The opening of this club produced a profound impression upon the public, who saw the most influential members of the community, with Senator Sumner at their head, siding firmly with the Union. This helped to win Boston for the cause of anti-slavery. To-day the club has lost its marked

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political character, but most of the members are strong partisans of Congress, which insists that the conquered Southerners shall comply to the letter with the terms imposed upon them by the victors; while in other clubs there are many adherents of President Johnson, who has a weakness for the slaveholders, and is endeavoring to apply a policy of conciliation. The radical divergencies between the President and Congress are the burden of every conversation. I have discovered one thing, however: outside of their national questions, the Yankees are much occupied with our affairs in Italy. Both the people and the press keep asking: 'What will be done about the Pope?' Few believe that Rome and Florence will reach an agreement, and I have confirmed their opinion. At the same time, they consider it will be difficult to maintain a Pope without the Temporal Power.

Most of my acquaintances here know Rome and believe that the clergy exercise great influence there. I tell them jokingly: 'Bring the Holy Father over here to America. There is plenty of room for everyone here, even for champions of the most extraordinary theories.' They also bombard me with questions about our party politics, though they show evidence of being already well-informed on that subject.

I attended a dinner yesterday at Mr. Brimmer's house. Next to me at the table sat a beautiful and elegant lady, who spoke both Latin and Italian. After dinner we gentlemen remained alone talking politics, and I was questioned as usual regarding conditions in Italy, and the future prospects of the country. One of the gentlemen present told me of having entertained Garibaldi at Manila. All the gentlemen were great admirers of Garibaldi and Mazzini. . . .

BOSTON, *December* 28, 1866

My table is heaped with visiting cards and invitations. The courtesy of the gentlemen and the hospitality of the ladies are unbounded. They receive a guest with the aristocratic simplicity of Old England. They make you realize that they feel themselves very superior to the newly rich of New York.

Yesterday I attended Mrs. Howe's reception. This lady resided for a long time in Italy, and mentioned to me Milan families she had known for twenty years. She is a very cultivated lady and writes poetry, a thing which is not unusual here. Her two charming daughters are following in the footsteps of their mother. I met there the poet Longfellow, a handsome man with wavy hair, who talked with me very unassumingly. The Bishop of Boston lamented that religious standards were beginning to relax even in this country among the Protestants, who have hitherto had such a reputation for unbending orthodoxy. I had just read an article on this subject at the Club, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, so this gentleman's lament did not surprise me. The Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts — to whom I presented a letter from Mazzini at his hide warehouse, where I found him surrounded by mountains of leather — proposed a visit to the State House. In the course of our conversation, I learned that the twenty-ton yacht *Henrietta*, owned by the editor of the *New York Herald*, has won the trans-Atlantic race in thirteen days and twenty-two hours. The prize is sixty thousand dollars. Also that a hundred or more white soldiers have been surrounded and scalped by eleven thousand Redskins. . . .

Although fighting between the North and South has ceased, new sources of disagreement appear every day. . . . In spite of the decrees of Congress declaring the Confederate money worth-

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less, it still continues to circulate in some states. I also read of Negroes being sold at public auction in Maryland. My friends protest that these are the last dying struggles of the conquered Confederacy; that the liberated slaves, both old and young, are crowding into the schools which the Yankees have opened for them in the South, and that they will soon be qualified to exercise their rights as citizens. They pride themselves greatly on the fact that next year two Negroes will be members of the Legislature of Massachusetts, elected from districts where practically all the voters are Whites.

BOSTON, *December* 30, 1866

I have been presented to the Governor of Massachusetts at the State House. The home of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is small and inconvenient. The seats in the halls where the members hold their sessions make me pity the unhappy occupants. One hundred and seventy battle flags, of the one hundred and seventy regiments which Massachusetts raised to fight the South, are preserved in glass cases, together with other mementos of the war. The Town Hall is a much finer building than the State House. I admired a vast wooden staircase in it. The rooms where the City Aldermen hold their sessions are beautiful. The Athenæum has a library and a little museum of sculpture and paintings, poorly kept and not an honor to this city of culture. On the other hand, the fire department is a model institution. I do not think its equal can be found in Europe. . . .

NEW YORK, *January* 6, 1867

I traveled from Boston to New York along the railway which follows the sea, crossing several small rivers on wooden bridges that are perfectly safe, though they do not look so. We crossed the larger rivers on ferryboats. There are neither gates nor watchmen at the grade crossings. People are merely cautioned by signboards to look out for the train. When we reached the outskirts of New York the locomotive was detached and four horses were hitched to each of the cars, which were thus converted into street cars, that picked up and set down passengers at every corner. It is a curious institution.

The day after my arrival I learned more of the geography of New York within five hours than I am likely to learn during the remainder of my stay. I was standing in the lobby of the Westminster Hotel when a stranger, observing some gold money in my hand, which is not ordinarily used here where only paper is in circulation, divined that I was a foreigner. He had the proprietor of the hotel, whom he seemed to know well, introduce him to me, and offered to show me the sights of the city. I accepted his services with some reserve, for fear of falling into the hands of some American or international confidence man. However, I have nothing but good to say of him. He mentioned acquaintances of mine in Boston and countless other people with whom he evidently was well-acquainted. He spoke with equal facility English, French, Italian, Spanish, and German, and said he had traveled all over Europe and the United States, half of the world. Every few steps along Broadway he would stop someone, pull a card from his pocket, jot down a few words, and hastily settle some matter standing under a doorway, observing to me as we resumed our walk: 'That's the way we do business in America.' He told me of great fortunes made and lost in a few minutes on the Stock Exchange, dealing in petroleum and mining shares. It was a regular Thousand and One Nights' Entertainment.

We visited a carriage store. The

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vehicles here are miracles of lightness and graceful proportion. Some of the buggies weigh only sixty-five pounds. He was a great friend of the proprietor. He seemed perfectly at home also in a great establishment where pianos were displayed. He sat down at one and played very well upon it. We visited an exhibition of French paintings, where I admired a picture by Doré. We stopped before the smoking ruins of a factory which had just been burned, so that he might express his sympathy to the owner, who stood contemplating the evidences of disaster with a countenance that showed nothing of the proverbial American impassiveness. A little later we took an elevator through the Cleslin five-story department store, where one can buy anything in the world, my companion shaking hands all along our course with managers and clerks. We came to the little old Post Office, where a long queue was waiting in front of the general-delivery window. I prepared to wait my turn, but my guide led me through a private door and turned me over to a clerk, who was a native of Milan and only too happy to bring my mail at once. While I was reading my letters, my guide rushed out to attend to some private matter relating to some shares in a petroleum well. We mounted an omnibus to save time, but before we had gone any distance, my companion observed on the sidewalk a man whom he had to see, and jumped out to stop him. At a money-changer's where he was well acquainted, I bought dollars with my gold at the rate of one-thirty-five. We took a glance into the Stock Exchange, where my ears were deafened by the shouting, and people were gesticulating as if they had gone mad. He then made up a small party of his acquaintances and we all went off to Delmonico's, where we washed down oysters as large as dinner plates with innumerable cocktails. He paid all the bills. He presented me to an old prize fighter who had made a fortune and had then conceived the ambition to become a member of Congress — and is one.

He told me any number of amusing stories during our dizzy whirl around the city; but I must not take time to repeat them here. I am sure he shook hands with no less than one hundred and fifty people, and introduced me at no less than fifty places. Finally my chance friend left me at the hotel and disappeared, leaving me with my head in a whirl. I have n't the slightest idea who he is or where he dropped from. Certainly men of that type could only be found in a place like New York.

NEW YORK, *January* 16, 1867

The letters of introduction which my friends in Boston gave me have acted like magic in opening to me the doors of the best New York houses. I discover that the New Yorkers show great deference for the opinions of Bostonians. Boston speaks the word that inspires the Republicans of the other states. It is the calmest, the most rational of American cities, where what we call Americanism is not carried to excess, and where one finds solid fortunes and seriousness of mind. The meeting of colored men in Boston, to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation, was a more imposing gathering than occurred in any other city of the Republic.

In the drawing-rooms and at the breakfasts and soirées of the Weismans, the Corks, Madame de Boileau, and Madame Coope, I have met people of every conceivable rank and kind. The matrons and débutantes are always dressed in the very latest Paris fashions; evenings, *grand décolleté* and excessively long trains, in the daytime, hats and high-necked dresses. Everyone is exceedingly courteous and eager

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to welcome a new arrival. At Mrs. Brodgett's musical matinée I was introduced to so many gentlemen that I could not remember half their names. A young lady sang *La Romanza* from *Il Trovatore* in an Italian which made it difficult for me to keep my face straight.

I have visited the studios of several sculptors and painters. Gifford showed me his famous paintings and invited me to a meeting and to a dinner of artists and writers at the Century Club. It was one of the loveliest affairs imaginable. I have also been a guest at the Union League Club, whose walls are covered with military trophies, and at other clubs less strictly Republican. The impeachment of President Johnson is the universal topic of conversation.

Speaking of politics, I have read that the slave auction in Maryland, of which I wrote you, raised a great scandal at Washington, and caused a violent debate in the House of Representatives. I have also read — and laughed at the fact — that mine host of the Parker House at Boston has been detected in liquor frauds and sentenced for three months. However, I am told that he managed to escape punishment by bribing the officers. Were it not for the illegal trade, which is organized on a vast scale, the exorbitant taxes on liquors would be enough to pay the national debt in a few years. Very recently several Government employees have been detected in a great liquor fraud.

Professor Botta and I have dined with the celebrated historian Bancroft, with Mr. Field, who laid the Atlantic cable and is now director of the company, and with Dr. Bellows, a famous clergyman. A large and select audience always goes to hear the latter's sermons at the Unitarian Church. He entertained us with some capital stories in which President Johnson was the principal comic character. Our Italian Senator, Cipriani, famous for his various adventures, has invited me to visit his great ranch in California. He talked of Mazzini and of his last proclamation, published when I was in London. It has not produced a good impression. It is much criticized here, both in the newspapers and in private circles. . . .

Professor Boemer of Columbia College is an odd character. He is a German who served at Milan in the Austrian army. He told me of many renegade families there. He is an ardent pro-slavery man, asserts that the Negroes are an inferior race, and cannot endure the sight of their black faces and woolly heads. He says he is a Democrat in the United States and a Democrat in Europe, something difficult to imagine of a single brain.

Italian officers who fought in the Northern armies during the late war do not give me a very favorable impression of the discipline and carriage of the soldiers. They are right, from their point of view — they compare them with European troops; but the latter have been drilled for centuries, while the armies here were improvised during the war. However, I do not wish to express my own opinion. I saw a company pass, led by a band and by a detachment of engineers. They seem to me rather like our National Guard.

NEW YORK, *January* 20, 1867

I have been amusing myself by meeting and making the acquaintance of Americans of every class. Leaving aside those who belong to the best society, which is cosmopolitan, let me give you an idea of what the people think of themselves — which is better than expressing a good-natured judgment of my own. A lady who has just given five million dollars to an educational institution says in a letter accompanying the gift that, being impressed with the fact that her fellow country-

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men are particularly lacking in refined manners, she wishes part of the income to be used for a medal to be given to the student whom his fellow students shall designate by a popular vote as the most perfect gentleman among their number. The press and the public highly approve of this, and urge others to follow this lady's example. It is true that a little more polish would do no harm to the solid qualities of this nation. It would be better if the people drank less whiskey and cocktails; but the most Draconic laws have not succeeded in checking the abuse of alcohol. Neither has legislation closed the gambling dens, which are another curse of New York. Luxurious establishments of this kind are scattered all the way from Wall Street to Fifth Avenue. Their tables are constantly crowded, and floods of champagne and Bordeaux served gratis speed the disappearance of millions of dollars from the pockets of the patrons. But how can this be changed, when the proprietors themselves are members of Congress!

I have only good words to say of the gentler sex. The young ladies are full of life but do not abuse their independence. They certainly adore amusements. It is delightful to watch them at the skating-rink on Fifth Avenue, which is just now the rendezvous of the fashionable world, in their appropriate sport attire, their blond curls fluttering in the wind, their feet clad in bewitching boots, their bright skates glittering in the sunshine, their faces flushed with exercise, tracing the most audacious figures on the ice. They skate as they dance and engage in any exercise, with decorum, but without restraint. They are taught to be frank and natural in the schools. I visited a girls' school in Twelfth Street, where I saw a roomful of pretty, tidily dressed young people between fifteen and twenty years of age. They were singing to the accompaniment of a piano. The teacher borrowed a music book from a pupil for me. It was opened at the title: 'All is Beautiful in this World.' The owner had scribbled in the margin: 'Except Mr. Gerard.' My glance caught the eyes of the owner and it was hard for me to repress a smile; for just then Mr. Gerard, the principal, entered — a heavy-featured, coarse-looking old man. None the less, his pupils evidently were very fond of him. I visited several classes, including one in astronomy. What pleased me most was to see everywhere alert, interested, and, almost without exception, attractive faces. The teachers appear to be almost as young as their pupils.

On another day I met a lady who is no longer young, whose history aroused my sympathy — a Mrs. Ward, who has been confined to an invalid-chair for ten years. She related to me confidentially the history of her malady. Educated in Boston, she became intensely interested in the speculative sciences, She familiarized herself with all the leading works on philosophy and became intimately acquainted with Longfellow, Howe, and other scholars and thinkers. Her conversations with these people and her own thinking ended by destroying her belief in everything. But her mind could not accommodate itself to hopeless skepticism. Her children, who were reaching maturity, sought her advice in their own religious struggles. The members of her family belonged to several religious sects. Her mother-love made it a torture for her not to know what answer to give. She resumed her studies. She buried herself in the Bible. Finally her mental struggle ruined her health. She feared she would lose her mind. Her physicians ordered her to Nice and Rome. At Rome the atmosphere of the Vatican appealed to her. Brunellesco's frescoes seemed to open the gates of Paradise to

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her. One day in St. Peter's, in the midst of her religious depression, she had a vision. A light seemed to indicate the way to follow. A divine voice whispered that she should confide in a superior authority, that the Catholic religion would offer her peace. She became a a convert and abandoned herself with utter self-surrender to faith in the infallibility of the Catholic church. There she found peace. When she had concluded this long account of her spiritual suffering, Mrs. Ward evidently expected some theological remarks from me. Fortunately other visitors dropped in and saved me the embarrassment of discussing such questions with this talented San Paolo in Gonnella.

I have visited Webb's shipyards, where our unhappy battleship, *Re d' Italia*, was built. A pang of sorrow shot through my heart as I recalled her. On the same ways there is now being constructed for the American Government an iron-clad ram of seven thousand tons burden. She has steel armor of enormous thickness. This monster is 358 feet long, 72 feet abeam, and carries four fifteen-inch cannon and twelve eleven-inch cannon. . . .

WASHINGTON, *January* 23, 1867

After New York, Washington produces the impression of a village. There is a current saying: 'Boston, the city of science; New York, the city of business; Philadelphia, the city of aristocracy; Baltimore, the city of beauty; Washington, the city of nothing.'

None the less, an intense life pulsates here, as if you could feel the heartbeat of the whole nation in this little town. The imposing majestic mass of the Capitol itself, standing in a wooded park surrounded by almost open country, proclaims that Washington is the Capital of the United States. From the dome one can descry broad avenues and squares, and vacant tracts of land, destined for future buildings, still serving as market gardens and cow pastures. Three other buildings, the Patent Office, the Post Office, and the Treasury, rise aloft in this solitude, amidst a cluster of insignificant little houses. The real city begins farther along, bordering the principal street, Pennsylvania Avenue, which extends as far as Georgetown on the banks beyond the Tiber. The city is bounded on the west by the Potomac, which separates Washington from a Negro settlement on the former estate of General Lee, which has been confiscated for the use of emancipated slaves. Washington has many public monuments and pleasant residences and Government offices. These are the principal features of the town. I may write more in detail later; however, I only want to say this now: my European sentiment, with its reverence for tradition, has been pained by the deserted state of the old Capitol, which echoed the first infant oratory of the Union. No trace of the legislative halls remains; they were last used to confine prisoners of war. The little that is left of the buildings is now used as a henhouse.[1]

WASHINGTON, *January* 26, 1867

. . . Romeo Cantagalli, Chargé d'Affaires in the absence of Minister Bertinatti, took me to a session of the Senate in the Capital. Taxes were being discussed. Some new tax is approved daily. There is a regular fever for taxation. Ardent rivalry exists among the members of the Senate to see who can invent the most onerous customs duties

[1] The writer confuses Tiber Creek, now covered up, which flows just beneath Capitol Hill, with Rock Creek, which separates Washington from Georgetown. He also confuses the temporary Capitol, used after the burning of the original Capitol by the British in the war of 1812, with the older part of the new Capitol.

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and do the most to prevent importations. One Demosthenes orated for half an hour in an effort to secure an addition of fifty per cent to the tariff upon an ammonia salt used in certain manufactures. When he had finished his harangue, a colleague asked for some information about the salt and for what it was used. He answered: 'I have n't the slightest idea what the devil it is used for.' And yet his amendment was adopted.

In the House of Representatives the members were debating the readmission of the seceding states. That is the absorbing question to-day. A representative from Ohio was delivering a speech, with great strength of lungs and vigorous gestures. He is considered one of the most eloquent speakers in the body, but his colleagues sat with their feet on their desks, apparently paying no attention to what he said. The galleries were packed with Negroes. The contest between President Johnson and Congress has reached an acute stage. The former's enemies are ruthless in their hatred. Congressmen hurl invectives and deliver furious tirades against the President, pass Draconic laws against the ex-rebels under the pretext that they must nip a new revolt in the bud, and are uncompromising in their demand for the strict execution of the severe conditions imposed in the surrender. Johnson is equally firm in vetoing these projects. Yesterday he vetoed the bill for the admission of Colorado Territory as a state, which the Republicans have strongly advocated. He has the Supreme Court behind him. That body has decided consistently that the acts of federal officials in the South, although authorized by Congress, are unconstitutional. The people are mainly interested in preventing these controversies from causing a resumption of hostilities. Foreign diplomats do not know just where they stand. The breach between the President and Congress compels them to adopt an attitude of neutrality, and they try to have as little as possible to do with either party. If a diplomat visits the President, even on important official business, Congress takes umbrage, and the reverse occurs if the diplomat confers with a member of Congress. Seward, the Secretary of State, controls a powerful and efficient police force, and every act of the foreign ministers and the members of their staff is spied upon and reported.

I took breakfast with Senator Charles Sumner, the most prominent man in the Republican Party and the undisputed leader of the anti-slave people. He is a handsome, virile man, of imposing presence, but, at the same time, with the most affable manners. Our party included Cantagalli, Mrs. Sumner, Miss Bigelow, and Miss Felton. The latter are highly intellectual ladies. Our conversation at the breakfast table, on all sorts of subjects, was most interesting. When the ladies withdrew, the Senator discussed with me at length the questions of the day. We talked of Italy, toward which he is very friendly. He has followed our national revival closely. He knows Cavour, having met him personally on several occasions. He inquired about Garibaldi and the truth of the rumor that the latter is organizing an expedition to help Crete. He listened with intense interest to a discussion between Cantagalli and myself on the Roman question. He knows Italian literature well, and adorned his conversation with quotations from our poets. He told me he was exceedingly busy, having many irons in the fire: he is chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs and a member of the Republican Committee gathering evidence to impeach Johnson. The latter is an immense task, since impeachment proceedings must not be started until

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the Committee has incontestable evidence in its hands. In addition, the impeachment of the Supreme Court has been demanded on account of its decision against the Congress bills. In the midst of all these and other important duties, he is expected to guide the party which he leads.

After breakfast there was a reception attended by the most distinguished Republicans in the city. I had a conversation with one of them regarding America's friendship for Russia, although the United States is the land of liberty and Russia the land of absolutism. This gentleman said: 'Russia, on account of her geographical condition, her vast territories, and her natural resources, is the part of the world which can help America most. You speak of her despotic government? Quite true, but our closer relations with the Russian people will scatter the seed of liberty among them. Association with us will be a school for them. The Russians, meeting intimately our soldiers, our sailors, and our workingmen, will begin to like their ways and gradually to imitate them and to emulate them; and will become ambitious to raise their own country to the highest plane of civilization in the Old World.' That was certainly an ingenius way of giving a humanitarian guise to a much-sought-for political alliance.

WASHINGTON, *January* 28, 1867

The social season is at its height. Drawing-room orchestras are lively competitors of the silver-tongued orators of the Capitol, and North and South fraternize on the dancing-floor. I danced one afternoon by gaslight, with the shades drawn, at the home of the Mayor of Washington, Mr. Wallack, and the same evening at the residence of Admiral Dahlgren. The following day I accompanied Mrs. Dahlgren to a White House reception. She went with ill-grace, merely because her position made it necessary. In fact, as soon as we had been presented to Mrs. Patterson, the President's sister, who did the honors of the occasion in the Red Drawing-room, we passed through the Blue Room, then through the main hall, after which we immediately left. My hostess then took me to call on Mrs. Dickson, the wife of the Senator from Kentucky, a Democrat of the first water, where I found a bouquet of Southern belles. Mrs. Dahlgren intimated to me that political differences had not disturbed her long-standing friendship for Mrs. Dickson and her daughters.

Days when there are no dances, we pay calls on Miss Caroll, a 'professional beauty,' or Mrs. Ray, or Miss Godard, the blue-stocking, and one of the most courted belles of the city, or Mrs. Card, and so on. Then we have all sorts of outdoor excursions and skating parties. The dances last until dawn. At one of these I was introduced to General Jackson, who courteously invited me to call at his quarters, where he described to me fully the operations of his army corps, and gave me a printed account of them with a flattering inscription. On another occasion, inasmuch as I was on neutral territory, I indulged in a long conversation with Admiral Tegetoff, whom the Americans admire greatly, in spite of their sympathy for Italy, because he was victorious. I soon forgot that he was officially our enemy. He was so cordial and combined so much simplicity with his shrewdness, that I was soon entirely oblivious to the fact that I was talking with an 'enemy.' He is a great admirer of America, her institutions, her liberty, and her democracy. He is the first European new arrival whom I have heard express himself in this way. We talked about the battle of Lissa. He spoke of his victory as an accident — the chances of war. He mentioned his personal agony of heart

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as he watched the *Re d'Italia* go down, her sailors clinging to her shrouds until their last breath. Speaking of political affairs in our two countries, he concluded that we both need peace. Admiral Tegetoff reminded me slightly of Garibaldi in features and in his gentle and winning manner. By the way, is it true that Prince Humbert is engaged to an Austrian Archduchess?

WASHINGTON, *February* 1, 1867

Mrs. Sumner is the most prominent lady in the Washington social set. She is a classic beauty, whose jet-black hair distinguishes her among her blonde countrywomen. Her queenly carriage and reserve inspire admiration wherever she appears. She shares the political opinions of her husband and is his true helpmate in public life, for she is a woman of high intellectual endowments. Her spirited partisanship has made her enemies who are unsparing in their sarcasm and malicious witticisms. Miss Lansing, a Democrat lady in Buffalo, told me ironically that the Senator married his wife because the color of her hair and eyes reminded him of the Negroes. Miss Blair, a pretty, brilliant, Southern girl, expressed her dislike by asserting that Mrs. Sumner surely had Negro blood in her veins. A companion added: 'Besides, Sumner's just the same as a Negro.' On the other hand, however, she has many most loyal friends. Among her great admirers is Baron von Holstein, Secretary of the Prussian Legation, with whom I have become very intimate, and whom I often join at private dinners with the Sumners and a few of their select friends.

Whenever party questions are debated, I maintain an attitude of prudent reserve. Mrs. Sumner receives me cordially. The other evening at dinner with her father, Senator Hooper, I met among other guests Lord Bruce, the British Minister, and the celebrated naturalist, Agassiz, who has just come back from a voyage up the Amazon. Mrs. Sumner was very bitter against the President and felt certain that he would soon be impeached. 'He invited me to dinner,' she concluded with a sneer of contempt, 'but I did n't accept.'

WASHINGTON, *February* 5, 1867

Wednesday I attended General Grant's reception. He has the manners of a good bourgeois who would n't harm a fly. Report has it that he lets his wife lead him around by the nose. She is a masterful old girl. It took an hour to get in. The General stood at the doorway of the reception room. Next to him stood General Sheridan, and immediately beyond them, Mrs. Grant. We shook the hands of all three, then bumped around for an hour in the crowd. Finally, after almost another hour of pushing and shoving for our wraps, we made our escape. There was dancing in a sort of refreshment room in the basement. Grant is busy organizing a new campaign against the Redskins, some of whose representatives I have seen. Their ceremonial garb consists of a big scarlet blanket and red breeches, with ears painted red and hair combed up straight in the middle of the crown of the head. This is the costume I saw them wear here. On the warpath they wear only leather or buffalo-skin breeches with bright colored fringes. Unhappy Indians! They are doomed to extinction, because they defend their lands from the invading pioneers. An official said to me: 'They refuse to become civilized, and there is no other way but to subdue them by force.' The expedition now being organized plans a war of extermination.

Thursday's reception at the White House was a much grander affair than General Grant's. Besides Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Wallack, and Mrs. Card, whom I

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accompanied, and other distinguished American ladies, we jostled the wives of the groceryman, the tailor, and the humblest tradesman in order to shake the hand of President Johnson. I even saw gray Confederate uniforms in the crowd. You could n't hire a cab because the cabmen were attending the reception. At least, that is what they say. I don't know whether it is true. But I must admit that this imposing and democratic demonstration impressed me.

Like all true Democrats, Americans warm up with enthusiasm whenever a liberal movement in any part of the world is mentioned. Dr. Howe, whom I knew at Boston, and who fought in the first Greek wars of independence, is organizing meetings in favor of the Crete insurgents. His example has been followed by many influential men of the leading cities of the North, and large sums have been collected. This is excellent. But meetings to raise funds are equally needed for many who bear the name of Yankees. I have before me the report of a committee appointed to study the condition of the poor in New York, in which I discover startling facts: fearful statistics of thieves' resorts, dens of vice, children dying of hunger, and misery in all its most repulsive forms in that city.

WASHINGTON, *February* 12, 1867

We have been having some horrible weather, which has converted the streets into a sea of mud. The wooden cross-walks afford only a precarious footing. I had to make a real topographical recognizance in order to reach Dr. Verdi's residence. He is a Mantua gentleman who came to America after the capture of Rome in 1849, and is now one of the most eminent physicians in the city. He received me most cordially, happy to shake hands with a fellow countryman. After my visit to Verdi I hurried to thaw out in the warm parlor of Mrs. Petts, and to enjoy the lively conversation of Miss Hagarty, a charming Bostonian. The latter lady makes no pretention to a profound knowledge of philosophy, the natural sciences, Latin or Greek, but is just a lively, jolly society girl, fond of dancing and amusements. She raved with enthusiasm over the Italian lakes and was delighted with a Garibaldi autograph which I gave her. She did not let me have her photograph in return. American ladies are very chary in that respect. I have one of Mrs. Sprague — an engraving, because it is a masterpiece of the banknote office. Last evening I attended a ball at the home of Governor Morgan, where I danced the German with a bride from San Francisco, a Mrs. McCreery, whom I met in Italy last summer with her sister, the wife of Justice Field of the Supreme Court. In America they call a cotillion a German. They write *al German* on the invitations, because this takes up the greater part of the evening. After a couple of dances the German begins and often lasts until dawn, invariably to waltz time or the galop. It is a nice enough diversion for lovers and flirts, but unless it is accompanied by such attractions, one finds it a trifle tiresome to spend five or six hours whirling around a room with some old hen. The refreshments and suppers are most sumptuous. At the Legation of Prussia, Saturday evening, we danced only until midnight, out of respect for the Sabbath, a day which is observed with such Puritan scrupulousness that one is insupportably bored. Mrs. Sprague wore a diadem of pearls and diamonds at the Morgan ball, and was indeed the queen of the evening. I said to her: 'A queen ought not to be allowed in a republic,' to which she quickly replied: 'Nor courtiers, either.' Mrs. Sprague is the daughter of Secretary Chase of the Treasury — a blonde little person of fascinating grace and

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elegance, witty, and quick at repartee. She is always surrounded by a circle of admirers, and her society affairs are among the most exclusive and popular in the city. Her ball was the event of the season. The invitations were issued with the greatest care, and were the occasion of much jealousy and pettiness. Her drawing-rooms, furnished and decorated in faultless Parisian style, were a bower of flowers and foliage. This all harmonized perfectly with the European culture of the lady of the house, and as if to complete the illusion, she speaks the purest French. The ladies, at the request of the host, whose name was on the invitation, were costumed *à la marquise poudrée*. Some had rouge as well as powder, and several from the Far West, in addition to the rouge, wore toilettes that excited more wonder than admiration. I definitely refused to select a companion, and passed most of the evening seated with Mrs. Sumner, whose black hair looked superb in the midst of so many powdered heads. When Mrs. Sprague passed me on the arm of Cantagalli and with him led the German, I was struck by the contrast between the two types of beauty represented by her and my companion, the one severe and stately, the other vivacious and sprightly — rivals for primacy in the social world. Mrs. Sprague was most happy to receive the sincere compliments of her European guests. She attaches more weight to our opinion in matters of good taste than to that of her most refined fellow countrymen, who, though they possess most estimable, solid qualities, still lack the polish and ripe refinement indispensable for an appreciation of social niceties.

Since then I have attended a ball at the house of Miss Sand, a coquettish little lady, but very nice, — the daughter of Commodore Sand, — and a ball at the home of Mr. Wallack.

ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. VII

FROM UNPUBLISHED SECRET DOCUMENTS

From *La Revue de France, January* 15
(Paris Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

While Rumania and Italy were persuaded to relinquish their original neutrality and to join their fortunes with those of the Entente by the same arguments and motives, it was a much slower and more difficult task to secure action from Rumania than from our Mediterranean neighbor. England and France were geographically close to Italy, and they labored in perfect harmony to win her support, knowing that they must succeed and succeed quickly. Italy trusted both these nations, and knew that they would keep their promises. Rumania was in a different situation. France and Russia conducted negotiations with her, and these were not pursued with the same sincerity and unity of purpose. France had a single object in view — to have Rumania's help as soon as possible; and she was willing to promise her in return

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all that she could legitimately ask — a union under her flag of the Rumanians still living beyond her borders.

Russia, however, was actuated by a different spirit. The Government at Petrograd, and Russian public opinion as a whole, regarded askance the proposal to create a powerful Rumanian state. The Russians were eager to acquire Constantinople. They realized that if Rumania were made too strong she might bar the way to the Dardanelles. Moreover, her growth tended to lessen the importance of the Slav element in the Balkans. She would certainly have the enmity of Bulgaria, for whom Russia, in spite of that country's ingratitude and treachery, — past, present, and future, — still retained a feeling of inextinguishable sympathy and indulgence.

Naturally a proud nation, the Russians looked down on all the Balkan states, and attached minor importance to Rumania's aid. They thought her help would amount to little, and that her army was not reliable. They did not like to see France take the lead in negotiations which they felt concerned themselves mainly, since they related to Eastern Europe. They would have preferred to handle the matter alone in their own way. During Russia's early military successes her Government did not want Rumania's help, believing that it would win a victory without her, and that her participation would diminish the spoils. So Russia's negotiators held out against offering Rumania more than insignificant compensation. They haggled, and would consent to annexing only infinitesimal scraps of territory.

Immediately after the Battle of the Marne, the Minister of France at Bucharest began negotiations with the leading members of the Rumanian Government, at the order of the French Foreign Office. His first duty was to dazzle the Rumanians with the magnificent prospects which their entry into the war would present to them. He started negotiating along this line, when a false manœuvre by Petrograd spoiled everything. The Russian Government, yielding to some obscure suggestion which we never fathomed, suddenly changed its attitude completely. Instead of asking for Rumania's aid, it merely asked for her neutrality, which was already settled. And the Russians offered for Rumania's neutrality practically all the country would have received for entering the war!

What was the reason for Petrograd's untimely and unhappy blunder? Was the Tsar's Cabinet so ill informed of the true attitude of Rumania as to fear her joining our enemies? Was it the purpose to prevent Rumania's entering the war so that Russia might monopolize the spoils?

However that may be, on October 1, 1914, an agreement was signed at Petrograd between Rumania and Russia whereby Rumania, in return for her 'benevolent neutrality' was to occupy and annex, whenever she desired, Transylvania and Bukowina.

When the Minister of France at Bucharest learned of this unhappy agreement, he was both furious and desperate. His labors of many weeks were brought to naught. He had been telling the Rumanians: 'Join us and you shall have Transylvania.' Now the Russians had taken it into their heads, without notifying their allies, to sing an entirely different song: 'Just sit quiet with your arms folded and watch the rest of us fight, and you may have Transylvania when you want it, when you can take it without cost.'

Bratiano, in spite of his promise to Sazonov not to divulge this arrangement, hastened to communicate its substance to the members of the Opposition, pointing out to them that

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inasmuch as Rumania could get what it wanted almost without striking a blow, it was most unwise to expose the country to the hazards of a general war, the issue of which was still doubtful. This argument had an immediate effect. Even the most enthusiastic partisans were silenced.

So the Cabinet decided to delay further action. Public demonstrations, which had been planned in favor of the Entente, were called off by their organizers. The Ministry sedulously spread the report that all the Entente asked of Rumania was to remain neutral.

In the autumn of 1914, Germany sent a new Minister, Herr von Busche, to Bucharest. He arrived with his pockets full of money and instructions to secure friends for Germany at any cost. He at once set out to purchase every man whom money could buy. He bought private consciences and newspapers by the wholesale. Our French Minister had little money to meet this new campiagn; but he did possess the sympathies of the people. This was especially true of the students, who seized the slightest pretext to parade the streets, shouting: '*vive la France!*' or to mob the offices and hustle the editors of pro-German newspapers.

In February 1915, General Pau's visit evoked an enthusiastic demonstration in favor of France. The whole city was a cloud of banners; ladies threw bouquets from every balcony. The streets were black with people, so that it took the carriage of our Minister more than an hour to pass from the station to the Legation.

This gave great encouragement to the war party. But Bratiano's Ministry naturally wished, before acting, to have everything in black and white. Following the precedent set by Italy, Bratiano demanded natural boundaries: the Pruth in Bukowina, and the Danube and the Tisza on the side of Serbia. The first of these demands was promptly opposed by the Russians, who declared they would not give up Czernowitz under any circumstances. France backed Rumania's claim to the utmost. On May 16, 1915, Sazonov's reply arrived. It was uncompromising, although the Russian army was in precipitate retreat across Galicia. When Bratiano learned of this answer, he was stunned. He declared that under the circumstances he would not take the responsibility of advising war. He could not comprehend why Russia, whose army was in such a critical position, persisted in refusing Czernowitz to Rumania. He said: 'Russia wishes to remain mistress of the Pruth so as to corner us between herself and Serbia.'

The retreat of the Russians made the situation of Rumania increasingly delicate. She faced a serious munitions problem. Before the Rumanian army could attack it must have shells for its artillery. France and England were ready to send them via Archangel; but it was an arduous task to land them at that port and transport them across Russia. To make matters worse, the Russians, too, were short of ammunition, and they were not over friendly to Rumania.

Naturally, also, Russia's retreat and Bulgaria's declaration of war delayed things. On September 28, 1915, the King told a delegate of the Opposition that he believed in a neutral policy. When Bulgaria struck its blow against Serbia, our Minister used all the pressure he could bring to bear on Bratiano to decide him to act. He met the same inflexible reply: that the time was not opportune.

Late in the winter and early in the spring of 1916, negotiations were resumed more actively. On the tenth of May, Bratiano told the Minister of France that the King was ready to sign the order for mobilization whenever it

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was submitted to him. But he insisted that before this was done, a number of conditions should be fulfilled; particularly he must be sure of assistance from the Russian army. On June 29, Bratiano saw that the time was ripe. He insisted that the greatest secrecy be observed, in order not to alarm the representatives of Germany and Austria. By the sixth of July, he was ready to sign the compact with the Allies, subject to the following conditions: (1) that the delivery of munitions begin, and that France and England engage to continue these deliveries, at the rate of three hundred tons a day; (2) that the impending general offensive be not countermanded; (3) that the Russians retain their positions in Galicia and Bukowina; (4) that Rumania be guaranteed against a Bulgarian attack, either by Russian intervention or by an offensive from Salonica.

Neratov, acting Foreign Minister of Russia, telegraphed the terms of a final agreement. These were the principal points: —

'Rumania agrees to declare war simultaneously against all the governments which are fighting the Entente.

'She will employ all of her armed forces against the enemies of the Allies.

'The Allies guarantee Rumania's territorial integrity. She shall be permitted to annex such territories of Austria-Hungary as she may occupy within certain definite limits.

'The frontier between Russia and Rumania shall follow lines specified in detail.

'Rumania shall not erect fortifications in the Bánát opposite Belgrade; she shall not retain large forces in that region; she shall indemnify all Serbian residents who wish to expatriate themselves; and she shall allow those who remain in the Bánát to use their own language and to enjoy their previous rights.

'Rumania shall enter the war not later than August 7.

'A military convention between the General Staffs of Russia and Rumania shall be concluded immediately.

'In communicating this arrangement to the Rumanian Government, the Minister of Russia has the honor to add that, if Rumania does not feel able to enter the war by the date fixed (August 7), the Allied Powers shall not be bound further by the proposals they have submitted to Rumania.'

The reader will see that the Entente rather rushed Bratiano in order to sweep aside his last hesitation. But that gentleman no longer hesitated. He was sure that the King would consent and that the country would support him with enthusiasm.

On August 14, 1916, a famous Crown Council was assembled at Cotroceni, at which Rumania decided to enter the war. One of the gentlemen present at that historical meeting wrote down the same evening a detailed account of what happened. I have this account before me as I write, and quote from it.

The Crown Council met under the presidency of the King in one of the new rooms of the palace.

The King was deeply moved. He expected bitter resistance from Carp and Marghiloman. He had summoned Majoresco to the palace the previous night and employed all his persuasive powers in a vain attempt to convince him that Rumania must fight. Up to the last moment Majoresco expected the King to oppose such a step, to dismiss Bratiano, under the threat of Germany, and to form a new government on his own authority.

When he learned from the mouth of the sovereign himself that a decision had been made, he was stunned; but he refused to change his mind. Late that night the Italian Minister begged him

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to join the Nationalists. He pointed out to Majoresco that his birth in Transylvania rendered it certain that he would be a member of the new Greater Rumanian ministry. But it was lost effort. Majoresco was too deeply committed to the German cause.

The King knew all about these efforts. He expected a violent debate in the Council. That explained his nervousness and emotion.

At the beginning of the session the sovereign rose, and spoke thus: —

'Gentlemen, I have assembled here the most distinguished men of my country, not to ask their advice, — for my decision is made, — but to appeal for their support. We have reached a point where neutrality is no longer possible. The prospects of an Entente victory have never been brighter. The moment has come for Rumania to choose, to decide which side she shall take. The choice is not doubtful; our way is marked out for us. We must range ourselves on the side of the Entente against the Central Powers.

'You can well understand that the sovereign who now addresses you and gives you this advice has had a bitter struggle within his heart. Before reaching such a decision he had first to win a victory over himself. That is the best proof that the way he has chosen is the best way for Rumania. I know the power of union. That is why I appeal to all of you who have stood shoulder to shoulder with my uncle, the late King, to support me in the policy which I had the will to pursue, loyal Rumanian that I am. I beg all of you who think differently to express your views.'

Thereupon, turning to M. Carp, the King said: 'M. Carp, I beg you to give me your support.'

M. Carp replied dryly: 'It is not proper for me to speak first. The members of the Cabinet should be heard, and then the chiefs of parties. I can only say that, since the royal decision has already been made, I do not see the object of this Council. I ask myself why we have been summoned here.'

These words fell in a glacial silence.

Bratiano rose, and in a few vigorous words summed up the reasons which made it necessary to enter the war. He said: 'Rumania cannot remain neutral in a conflict which is to decide the fate of the world, unless she is willing to vanish morally. Our country's ideal is national unity — to join to herself her sons living beyond her borders. Never again will conditions for attaining this be more favorable than to-day.'

Continuing, the Premier gave a lucid review of the diplomatic history of the country since 1912. He pointed out how Rumania, precisely like Italy, had recovered her freedom of action in 1914, by refusing to take the side of the Central Powers. But a purely negative attitude was no longer sufficient. The time had come when, following the example of Italy, Rumania must take a definite stand. She must fight. The King and the Government, having the interest of the nation at heart, were completely in accord upon this policy. They were too deeply committed to withdraw. There was nothing to do but go ahead. He summarized the military measures which had been taken, and ended by declaring that the nation, including our Rumanian brothers beyond the Carpathians, were awaiting impatiently the declaration of war.

Again Carp was requested to express his opinion. He replied that the responsibility rested with others.

Take Jonescu, after expressing his sympathy for the sovereign in the mental conflict through which he had passed, promised devoted support to the new policy. Then came Marghiloman's turn to speak. He expressed his regret at the Government's action,

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saying: 'The outcome of the war is uncertain. We know positively that Hindenburg is preparing a grand offensive against Russia. Why not wait until we know its result? People are constantly talking about our national ideals. These ideals should keep close to reality. Now the country as a whole does not desire war. The Rumanians in Transylvania do not want union with us. The only thing that counts, and threatens us first and foremost, is that Russia may seat herself in Constantinople. If this occurs, Rumania will be encircled and strangled. Should that fate await us, I hope we shall not ourselves hasten its coming.'

The King, turning to Marghiloman, interrupted him dryly: 'Assuming that Russia were mistress of Constantinople, which would be better for us — to be her friend or her enemy?'

Marghiloman was confused, and did not reply. He merely added that he would not give his support to the disastrous step which the ministry had taken; he could not understand how the Ministry had dared to make that decision and face the nation with an accomplished fact.

When Carp's turn came to speak, he did so with his usual energy and bluntness. His advanced age and white hair contrasted markedly with his manner. He said: 'All that Bratiano has told us is of but secondary importance. It is not a question of asking who will be victorious, but with whom does our honor bid us stand, even though we be defeated. A German victory cannot fail to be to our profit. We need not worry then about the Hungarians or the Bulgarians. The result of this war will be to make either Germany or Russia the mistress of Europe. If Russia wins, we lie athwart her pathway at Constantinople. Our interests bid us but one thing: fight Russia. I cannot comprehend how the Royal House has failed to perceive this imperious necessity. A victorious Russia will not tolerate the continuance of the present dynasty in Rumania. It will impose a Slavic house upon us. Therefore, it is the King's duty to oppose this adventure and to remain loyal to Germany. I see with sadness that the matter is decided; that the flatterers and sycophants of the throne have won the day. My three sons will enlist and do their duty; but I shall never give my consent to a policy which will ruin my country. I go further. I pray God that our army may be beaten; for that is our only safety. Nothing could be worse for us than victory.'

The King indignantly interrupted Carp: 'I am unwilling to believe that the impious words which you have just uttered reflect your true sentiment. I ascribe them to momentary emotion. I refuse, for my part, to consider the interests of my House separately from those of my country. My dynasty is Rumanian, nothing else. When Rumania invited my uncle to take the Crown, she sought a Rumanian ruler, not a German ruler.'

Carp, with obstinate resistance, shouted that he had not spoken at hazard: 'On the contrary, it is only after long reflection that I have come to hope for the defeat of our army; for only that defeat will save Rumania.'

Bratiano interrupted: 'What M. Carp has said astounds everyone present. If his words express his true feeling, he would do far better to withdraw his sons from the army.'

But the old man persisted in his savage denunciations, which did not lack, to tell the truth, a certain element of tragic grandeur.

Later events modified his attitude a little. Meeting the Minister of France, he said: 'The war has begun. My three sons are in the army (one of them was killed). I will do nothing to weaken the

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morale of the country.' And he kept his word. After we had been defeated, after our land had been invaded, and Marshal Mackensen had made his triumphant entry into our capital, that General conceived the idea of visiting Carp, as the best friend of Germany. Carp shut his door in his face and refused to receive him.

After a protracted debate, in which the terms under which Rumania entered the war were discussed, Bratiano drew the discussion to a close with the following remarks: —

'Like my father, I am neither pro-Russian nor pro-German; but simply pro-Rumanian. Those who oppose the war lose sight of its moral aspect. Even if we are not certain of victory, we shall insure our national unity, as Italy, defeated at Novara, attained her unity a few years later. The cause of Greater Rumania was advanced immeasurably the day when the Four Great Powers formally recognized our right to national unity. Michael the Brave is our legendary hero, because he occupied Transylvania. King Ferdinand will have the same glory. I willingly shoulder full responsibility. The Royal House of Rumania is not a foreign house. From the day that the King crossed the Carpathians that question ceased to exist.'

Thereupon the King concluded the meeting, with the following remarks: —

'Only after mature reflection did I come to a decision which consults the interests of both the nation and my dynasty. My act has made the dynasty and the nation one. I realize what lies before us; that is why I have appealed for your support, for your aid. I conclude this meeting with this battle cry: *Avec l'aide de Dieu, en avant!*'

. . . Almost from the outbreak of the war, Bratiano, like most of his compatriots, had decided to take the risk and join the Entente. But he wished to do so at the most favorable moment. Who can blame him for that? He was obliged to conceal his purpose and apparently to vacillate. Had he been too decisive in his attitude, too openly friendly toward the Entente, he might have exposed himself — especially after Bulgaria joined the Central Powers — to a sudden thrust from Germany, which might have ejected him from power and forced him to show his cards. If Germany had known certainly that Rumania would soon declare war against the Central Powers, she would not have waited to be attacked, but would have taken the offensive at once.

Bratiano adroitly avoided this danger. He conducted his negotiations with the Entente in the profoundest secrecy. In order to mislead the spies of Austria and Germany, the final agreement was signed with the utmost secrecy at a private residence. For some time von Busche and Czernin saw how things were drifting and knew that something was in the air; but they did not believe Rumania would act so quickly. Furthermore, these two gentlemen did not work in harmony. Czernin, who was the more intelligent and better informed of the two, resented the lofty, patronizing tone of his German confrere. One day he read the latter a sharp lesson: —

'Whatever her faults,' Czernin said, 'Austria is vastly superior in one respect.'

'In what respect?' demanded von Busche.

'In having a better ally.'

Since we must pay for everything here below, Bratiano, in avoiding one danger, fell into another. He made an excellent diplomatic preparation for the war. Every treaty was signed, every precaution taken, every frontier drawn to the last detail.

On the other hand, the military preparations were most defective. The

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Rumanian and Russian General Staffs did not work well together. Rumania's suspicion of the Russians made it the more important that the understanding between the two armies should be clearly defined. In that respect the arrangements were, if I may use the word, 'boggled.' The results soon made themselves felt. After a brief preliminary success, Rumania was defeated and invaded. A large part of her territory was occupied by the enemy, and her capital was captured.

Early in 1917, I was commissioned by French General Headquarters to inspect the whole Russian front, from Riga to the Caucasus. I reached Jassy toward the end of February, in the heart of a terrible winter. I found many other French officers in the old Moldavian capital, where the Government was then temporarily installed. The intense cold, the universal distress, impending typhus, and all the ills and privations conceivable seemed to have heaped themselves upon Rumania at once.

Relations of the Russians and the Rumanians were far from friendly. The former were inclined to treat the latter as a conquered nation. During a dinner with several of our officers, including General Berthelot, we received the first telegram reporting the revolution in Petrograd. That only added to the disorder and confusion, which thereafter constantly grew worse. The revolution was the reverse of fortune for Rumania. The Russian army speedily became demoralized, until it was an undisciplined horde. Russia was no longer a protector, but a new enemy. But the nation's confidence remained unchanged. The Rumanians never doubted for an instant our eventual victory.

BORODIN AND LISZT

BY LOUISE CRUPPI

[*This article is based on* Alexander Borodin, *a book written by Alfred Habets, Borodin's friend who was largely responsible for spreading his reputation in Belgium. The brochure, which has long been out of print, is an extract from Stassoff's Russian book on Borodin. None of this material has hitherto appeared in English.*]

From *La Revue Musicale*
(Parisian Musical Magazine)

Not far from the tomb of Dostoevskii in the cemetery of the Alexander Newski Convent on the banks of the Neva, the passer-by sees a mausoleum of curious appearance. Above a beautifully chiseled bust representing a man of fine, clear-cut features, he can read in mosaic on a background of gold a few bars of music. He also sees a *guzla* and a *goudok*, instruments used in Russian folk music. There is nothing surprising in all this, taken by itself; but above the iron bars that surround the tomb two wreaths are suspended: on one there are musical themes; on the other, chemical formulae and the titles of books on chemistry! What, the astonished traveler may ask himself, has

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brought together a monograph on the *fluorure* of benzol, the invention of a nitrometer, the opera, *Prince Igor*, and the *Song of the Dark Forest?* Yet a link does exist to bind these strangely unlike works, for they are the offspring of a single inspired brain, the brain of Alexander Borodin, a great chemist and a great musician.

Since Borodin was gifted with musical genius, perhaps he occupied himself in chemistry contrary to his own desires. Was he the victim of tyrannical parents like those who compelled Berlioz to study medicine and Schumann to struggle with the law? No, not at all. Borodin was devoted both to music and to his scientific professorship; and in reading his correspondence it is hard to decide which interest lay closer to his heart. Science seems to have had the larger place in his life, for in his eyes science was duty — music was pleasure; and Borodin was a man of rigid conscientiousness.

From his very youth we see him torn by the duality of his own nature. After he had, at the age of thirteen, begun composing and giving himself over to performances of chamber music, — one of which is said to have lasted 24 hours, — he recoiled in terror at the thought of undertaking a long and ambitious musical work, for fear of interfering with his scientific labors. He recalled with confusion the admonition of his professor of chemistry, the excellent M. Zinin: 'Monsieur Borodin, you ought to pay less attention to *romances*. It is a mistake to course two hares at once.' And yet scientific work seems to have suffered little from the romances, for Zinin's pupil was admitted to the Academy of Medicine before he was sixteen. Only once was fault found with his examinations, and that was 'for quoting Scripture too freely.'

We shall not attempt to follow the career of Professor Borodin, full of honors and degrees. It is enough to say that his chemical studies were original and important, and that he was a father to his students, who adored him. A man of very liberal ideas, he founded the Petrograd Academy of Medicine for Women; and for a long time he enjoyed and deserved the recognition of the students there, who placed a wreath upon his tomb. But enough of Borodin the chemist! Let us turn to Borodin the musician.

Even of the musician, we do not pretend to trace the biography. He was, as everyone knows, a member of the musical group calling itself the Koutschka (little heap), whose protagonists were, besides himself, Balakireff, César Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Moussorgskii. The last composer ought to be set apart, for he belonged to no school. It is, perhaps, Borodin who most brilliantly represents the spirit of the group, whose chief characteristic is the employment, with refined technique, of the nation's folk songs. It is, perhaps, in him also that one finds, under the multi-colored garb common to many Russian musicians, the most solid technical equipment. But we do not seek to analyze his work; we merely quote a few letters found in a brochure now exhausted, letters that vividly depict the character, perhaps unique, of a great musician contradicting his own genius, producing masterpieces by stealth, even with conscientious scruples.

Borodin always regarded himself as an amateur. 'I 'm nothing but a Sunday musician,' he would say playfully. To a friend who inquired about his musical work he replied: 'At this time of year I find myself weighed down with committees, examining boards, theses, reports, and laboratory work. Just now I am the least musical of men. *Igor* is hardly progressing at all. I am like the Finnish magician in *Rousslan*,

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who, full of love for Naïna, cannot bring himself to the question of marriage till the hair both of himself and of his fiancée is white with age. 'What am I to do? I love my profession; I love the Academy and my pupils. I keep close to them, for youth should have direction in its work. Besides, seeking to remain incognito as a musician, I hate to admit my musical activity. I am afraid of reflections upon my scientific work.'

That scruple, at least, was soon to disappear. After a few great concert performances Borodin wrote jokingly: 'Now that the chorus of *Igor* has been heard, the public knows that I am composing an opera. . . . For good or ill, I must finish the job!'

But where was he to find the time? 'In the winter,' he wrote, 'I cannot compose except when I am ill and have to give up my courses. So my friends reverse the usual custom and greet me, not with "Are you feeling well to-day?" but with "Are you feeling ill to-day?" At Christmas I had the grippe and finished the *chœur d'actions de grâces*. When my head is bursting, when my eyes are streaming, and when I need my handkerchief every minute — that 's when I compose!'

Who can believe that such fresh and vigorous work was all produced on days when the composer had a cold in the head? And yet, not all. Fortunately professors have long vacations, and for almost three months every year Borodin was able to give free rein to his desires — free to be an unscrupulous musician! Sometimes he worked in the country, sometimes he toured Europe to hear music and make the acquaintance of composers. He visited Belgium, France, and Germany; and on one of his journeys he found love and marriage. Mme. Borodin, intelligent and herself a musician, was an admirable companion. To her the letters were addressed which we are now to read and which describe an interesting episode in Borodin's life — his meeting with Liszt in 1877.

Like his contemporaries, posterity was long unwilling to see in Liszt anything but a dazzling virtuoso. Only for a few years have we recognized in him the composer of lofty flight. High artistic intelligence was his and also (herein lies the proof of it) ability to see far beyond the ideas of his time. Not only did he understand Wagner, and even contribute to his development; but from 1875 on he understood and appreciated that Russian music which the rest of us discovered only after 1900. He foresaw that, when Wagnerism had exhausted itself, there would be needed, as successor to that highly intellectual movement, strongly tinged with philosophy, the new contribution of a young people, vibrant with spontaneous music.

'You Russians are indispensable to the rest of us,' he would say to Borodin. 'You have a spring of life and vigor in you. The future is yours.'

But let Borodin himself describe his meeting with the old master. In his vacation journey of 1877 he went to Weimar, full of admiration for Liszt: —

'I had scarcely presented my card when there started up before me, as if sprung from the earth, a long figure with a long nose, a long black coat, and long white hair. "You have written a beautiful symphony," boomed the tall figure in a sonorous voice; and then, stretching out a long hand and a long arm to me: "I am delighted to see you. It is only two days since I played your symphony before the Grand Duke, who was charmed. Your Andante is a masterpiece pure and simple, and the Scherzo is lovely."

'He was walking about, walking about all this time. His sturdy hand shook mine and thrust me down upon

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a sofa, where I could do nothing except pour out my thanks. The great face of the old man with its strong features, full of life, turned toward me. He never stopped talking, now in French, now in German. When I told him I was nothing but a Sunday musician, he cried, "But Sunday is a fête day, and you have official rights!"

'He asked about the success of my symphony and how it had been received. I told him that I myself recognized many faults in it, especially excessive modulation. Liszt never ceased interrupting me. "Don't touch it! Don't change anything! Your modulations are neither *outré* nor faulty. Of course, you have pushed far ahead — that is your merit; but you have committed no faults. You have such an artistic instinct that you need n't fear to be original. Don't listen to anybody. People gave advice to Mozart and Beethoven; if they had followed it they would n't be masters."

'Naturally I cannot reproduce nor even remember all that Liszt said to me in such a short time. He spoke both languages fluently, with animation, even volubility — you might have thought him French. He never sat down, but kept walking around and gesticulating. There was nothing of the ecclesiastic about him.'

Some days later, after all of Borodin's music had been brought from Russia, Liszt studied it, and as soon as he saw the composer again he burst out, 'I have read your Second Symphony. Superb!'

He compelled Borodin, at best a modest pianist, to play his work with him on the piano as if arranged for four hands, 'and when I made a mistake or left something out, Liszt would say, "Why did n't you do that? It 's so beautiful." He made a careful study of my symphony, which he covered with penciled comments. He went into ecstasies over the freshness and novelty of the ideas. "It 's no use saying that there is nothing new under the sun. You would n't see that in Bach nor in Beethoven, nor anywhere else," he would say, pointing to certain passages. "And the construction is perfectly logical. In spite of its novelty, the work incurs no reproach, it is so complete, definite, and natural. I have given your modulations to our young composers for an example, saying, 'We Germans can't approach that!' "'

Liszt was hard on the German school of 1877. 'They compose a lot,' he said. 'I am drowned under a flood of music that submerges me. But it is flat, without life. Look here,' he would cry, showing the work of some young German composer. 'Is n't that petty Mendelssohnism?'

This exclamation, at a time when Mendelssohn's reign, since somewhat fallen, was still uncontested, shows how far Liszt anticipated his contemporaries. At the very time when he was speaking in this way, it would have been heresy to set up as Mendelssohn's equal the modest Schumann; and Schumann himself, forever youthful and alive, humbly accepted the royal state of the man who composed the *Songs Without Words* which are to-day as antiquated as a padded armchair of the Second Empire. To esteem above Mendelssohn not only Wagner, but 'those wild Slavs, white bears, and candle-eaters,' as Borodin used to say jokingly — that was indeed to show oneself a forerunner!

But in spite of this, as everyone knows, Liszt was not, as advanced spirits so often are, despised or combatted by his contemporaries. As a composer he was not understood, but his genius as a virtuoso and his glowing personality gave him a kind of regal distinction. Wherever he appeared,

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enthusiasm burst out. A common citizen at Magdeburg remarked to Borodin, 'Old Liszt came here yesterday and was received like royalty. Gentlemen waved their hats, ladies their handkerchiefs, even their petticoats!'

Borodin draws us a lively picture of the old master, during a lesson: —

'Liszt was standing at the piano with some fifteen students around him. He presented them to me. "These are all celebrated pianists," he said, "or if they are n't, they will be!" The young people laughed. The lesson went on. Liszt often stopped the executants, played himself, and made observations full of wit, humor, or good-nature, which drew smiles even from the students to whom they were addressed. When the turn of my compatriot, Vera Timanova, came, he had her play the Rhapsody in B minor. After a few remarks, Liszt sat down at the piano himself and executed a few passages with his powerful fingers. "That ought to be as solemn as a triumphal march," he cried, leaping from his chair; and taking Vera by the arm, he stalked solemnly about the room, humming the theme of the Rhapsody. Vera began the piece again, paying heed to his observations. Liszt whispered in my ear, "But she is a jolly girl, all the same, that little Vera!" and then, to her: "What an ovation if you play like that in the concert! But there is still more in you." Tears of joy flowed down Mlle. Vera's blushing face. He gave her a friendly tap on the cheek, and kissed her on the forehead. She kissed his hand. It was a custom of Liszt and his pupils. His way with them was familiar and affectionate; you would have called him a grandfather with his grandchildren.

'There never was anything malicious in his observations except when he spoke of the Leipzig School. "Don't play like that," he said to a pupil. "Somebody might think you came from Leipzig!" Or, after a colorless performance, "They would think that very nice at Leipzig." He paid little attention to technique and fingering, occupying himself only with interpretation and expression.'

Borodin once arrived at the old master's home when Liszt was in his bedroom being shaved by his valet: —

'"Come in," Liszt cried to me. "I 'm not a young lady." I went in. Liszt had a cloth under his chin, and by the door was a table with some music, obviously scribbled down when he was in a mood for composition. "Do you know what that is?" asked Liszt, without waiting for my question. "That will amuse you. I am composing a second *Mephisto Waltz*. The desire came to me all of a sudden. If you want to see it, take the score. *No*, not that one. That 's a bad copy. Take this one." Before I had time to pick it up, the old maestro had hopped out of his chair and was fumbling in the music. "Here, run through this." But that was quite impossible, for Liszt kept talking constantly, asking whether I had brought any manuscript, when my symphonies would be published, whether any new works of mine were being played in Russia.

'While we were talking his toilet advanced. His valet put on the master's head the little black, white-edged cap of a Catholic abbé and got him, not without difficulty, into a long black coat. Just as I was saying that I should be happy to hear his *Danse macabre*, which I considered the finest of all compositions for piano and orchestra, because of its originality, the power of the theme, the novelty of the instrumentation, and its Gothic and liturgical character, Liszt broke in hastily, with, "Yes, yes! You see, that pleases you Russians, but here they don't like it. It has been played five or

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six times in Germany and has been a failure every time. Once even the orchestra was astonished, and had to get used to it by degrees!" '

After such talks as these, Borodin went back to Russia aflame with musical ardor. Liszt's praise, which he repeated to his wife with fresh joy, but without a trace of vanity, no doubt encouraged him to attach some significance to his composition, which had hitherto been a pastime and distraction. Already Balakireff, whom Borodin compared to Liszt because of his kindness and enthusiasm, had reproached him for regarding himself as an amateur. The chemist-composer had now to find new strength for his double task.

But we shall not go back to Russia without Borodin, and we shall not follow his laborious career, brought to an end by his premature death. We have sought, in leafing over a forgotten book, to show a few characteristics of this charming musician. The sketch would be incomplete if we omitted one important aspect of Borodin's character — his tenderness for his wife. One of his letters, dated from Heidelberg and addressed to her, recalls in moving words the romance of their engagement, and the simple, touching pages bring back forcibly to memory the correspondence of Schumann and Clara.

It is, no doubt, a pity that Borodin did not devote himself entirely to music. Nature overwhelmed him with the profusion of her gifts. But though his work may have been reduced in quantity by the circumstances of his life, it has assuredly lost nothing in quality. It may even, by being thus perforce reduced in volume, have gained the sweet and delicate concentration of perfume characteristic of work that is small in volume.

There is something disconcerting, though admirable, in the facility with which Borodin passes from art to science. On his return from a trip to Liége, where he won great success directing his symphonies, he spoke with especial enthusiasm of some new chemical apparatus which had astonished him.

This chemist-musician, no doubt the only one of his kind, amazes us. He casts aside the barriers that we have carefully set up in the realms of the intellect. We know that a few great artists of the Renaissance possessed, besides all the arts of design, the scientific ideas of their age; but the mysterious power of musical composition seems as though it ought to take possession of the whole man. He who possesses it seems to us forcibly confined to that special world wherein the soul expresses itself without words, colors, or forms.

Borodin has shown that some can pass from this world to another, just as a man can travel in different lands and speak different languages. We can only wonder at the supple adaptability of human genius.

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MADAME ROLAND'S DEPARTURE: COUNT BEUGNOT'S LETTER

BY LAURA DÁNIEL-LEUGYEL

[*Such sketches as the following, which describe a period in France not unlike a very recent period in Russia and in parts of Central Europe, appear frequently in European periodicals and feuilletons. They are symptomatic of an abiding preoccupation with class revolution, shadows of which still hover on the horizon of Europe.*]

From *Pester Lloyd, January* 22
(German Hungarian Daily)

Conciergerie, *November* 10, 1793

While I am writing these ugly black letters on the paper before me, I am debating in my own mind, dear friend, whether it might not be better, perhaps, were I to take the seat at the chessboard which was just vacated by poor de Villette, who was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal half an hour ago. The Marquis arose, and turning with a smile to his partner said: 'I sincerely regret most keenly, my dear sir, that we have been interrupted in this agreeable game. Perhaps we shall continue it up there above, or down there below. In addition I can say to you, sir, without flattery, that you are an excellent player and that you were likely to win. However, I can no longer be at your service. Farewell.'

Unless every precedent is violated, the Marquis will take his last ride at dawn to-morrow — in the cart to the guillotine. But I am writing to you, dear friend, instead of finishing the interrupted game with good de Brièze and doing my best to console him for his rudely terminated match.

I have not ventured to speak to him or to approach him. He still sits there in the same position as when his skillful partner was torn away, motionless and staring intently at the figures on the board. It is by no means improbable that he will finish the game with the Marquis 'up above.'

Really I ought to speak to him, but I do not venture to disturb him. I prefer to write to you, dear friend. I write you daily, though I know only too well that you will never have an opportunity to read a single line.

I shall not speak of our old life, which lies so unreal in the hazy past. I cannot talk of that, nor of the future which is so relentlessly near and definite and distinct. No, I prefer to write of the life which passes before my eyes with dizzy speed and colorful variety.

I have written you, have I not, of Marie Philipon, the wife of Roland de la Platières? I have described to you the June morning when she was brought here. I confess I observed the 'Guardian Angel of the Gironde' with ironical curiosity. I had heard much about her, but had never met her, and now I could study her at leasure.

This voluble Guardian Angel of the Gironde is still handsome, I thought to myself, as I caught my first glimpse of her chalk-white features and her gracefully and carefully arranged hair. Her beautiful hands and shapely feet seemed almost to deny her bourgeois descent. The poise of her head was beautiful and aristocratic. Her move-

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ments were graceful, her voice refined, flexible, and expressive; but — ? I suddenly recalled all the court gossip about her. Then I looked in her eyes. Such wonderful, pure, deep, frank eyes I never saw before.

While she installed herself below us here in the Conciergerie, I made my best efforts to harden my heart against her. I confess to you, my dear friend, I did not succeed. Don't blame me in your thoughts. Believe me, no one is more inflexible that I am in condemning the unpardonable crimes of the Gironde. I do not hate the blood-thirsty Jacobin bandits as I do the Girondists. Among the Jacobins, — blood-intoxicated madmen that they are, — can be found sincere and honest fanatics ready to face death, who really believe that we shall have a better world when all but the great unwashed have been removed from it; who are passionately convinced that their hungry stomachs gnaw, that their consumptive wives cough, that their children are cripples and idiots, simply because the head of the Austrian queen has not yet rolled into the basket. Believe me, my dear friend, there are people whose only crime is stupidity — denseness. To be sure, though, that is a sin which is irreparable and incurable, and more hopeless than all other sins.

But the Gironde knew perfectly well that bread and butter would be no cheaper after they had killed the tyrants, no matter how many times stiff-necked Danton repeated his weekly slaughters. They were separated as widely from the Jacobin mob in taste, knowledge, and ways of thinking, as we are separated from them. The Gironde hates Robespierre. Its members have refused one hundred times Danton's bloody hand. They have called Camille Desmoulins a beaten fool, and have spoken with horror of Marat's maniacal thirst for blood. And yet a leader like Vergniaud called the canaille that stormed the Tuileries 'brave citizens.'

And so, when I first saw the wife of Roland Platières, harsh, bitter words rushed to my lips. But to-day, when I pressed her finely modeled, little white hands for the last time, I was glad that those hard, bitter words never escaped me. I am glad, although, now that I have bidden her adieu for the last time, it occurs to me that this was the woman whose unappeasable and relentless hatred hunted my Master, the King, to his death. Roland, who was inclined to defer to the high prestige and the kindly benevolence of the King, drew new drafts of hatred from the cold, heartless, unbending hostility of his wife. His Majesty's humanity and royal virtues never touched the heart of Madame Roland. For her it was a matter of utter indifference whether Louis XVI was a blood-stained monster or a worthy descendant of saints and martyrs. It was royalty in the abstract that she fought — God pity me — with all too good success.

At that time we knew little of her except the foul gossip of the court. It was the same vile gossip which used to be sung about Marie Antoinette in low restaurants and sailor resorts. There is appallingly little originality in slander, my dear friend.

However, living here day after day as intimately as we prisoners do, I learned to know better the fair-eyed wife of the former Minister of the Interior. I have conversed for hours with Marie Philipon. We have argued much, though neither hoped to convince the other. Good Marie Philipon never fancied for a moment that I would accept her fevered dreams as truths; nor dared I hope to convince this engraver's daughter, who has read too much, that our cause is the true and holy one. She hated us and was perfectly frank in

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her hatred. She told me how, when a young girl, her heart was filled with bitterness at a remarkable and odd experience. She chanced to be in the company of a number of noble ladies with her grandmother, who was a very stately old person. The noble ladies all occupied armchairs. The hostess offered Marie's venerable grandmother a little footstool. That foolish little footstool incident! Perhaps I should not now be a prisoner in the Conciergerie, if Madame Roland's grandmother had been given a chair that day in the company of those noble ladies, instead of a lowly footstool. Possibly, too, Marie Philipon would not have spent her last days here in this unreal vestibule to death. When I suggested this to her, Madame Roland smiled, for her courteous and sensitive mind grasped and weighed every suggestion, even the most trifling. But I observed that she did not for a moment attach any seriousness to what I said. *Mon Dieu*, even the wisest and shrewdest of our race have no suspicion of the forces and motives which guide their conduct, of the mysterious and fatal influences shaping their destiny.

I can say frankly now that this lady, whom I was disposed at first to regard with sarcastic pity, and who had always seemed to me hitherto a rather comical figure, an incredibly voluble Guardian Angel of the overthrown Gironde — that this Marie Philipon was one of the best, the worthiest, the noblest among us, so long as she trod this earth. Her refinement, her benevolence, her tenderness would have made her an ornament of the Royal Court, which she hated with such a remarkable, unappeasable, and stern conviction. That hatred was quite impersonal. She felt a cold repugnance for the campaign of slander and persecution against Marie Antoinette; but that did not prevent her from allowing the Gironde to publish scurrilous articles and slanderous poems about the unhappy Queen. She felt sympathy for the King as a man; and yet she was the one who begged Vergniaud to cheer on the whiskey-breathed gutter rabble, marching against the Tuileries to demand the head of 'Monsieur and Madame Veto.'

I learned these things from her own lips; for we argued and disputed daily over our theories. Our views were so different, and yet our fates were so alike. Madame Roland was more composed, cool, and resolute than I. For I must confess to you, my dear friend, that my superior and sarcastic attitude soon degenerated into angry irritation, and then, either natural or illogical as it may be, was transformed into deep, respectful admiration. I began to comprehend how the strength of soul, the ardor, the resolution of this woman, had qualified her to lead her party, and had given her complete mastery not only over Roland himself, but likewise over the whole tragedy-sowing and tragedy-reaping Gironde.

It is no novelty for us courtiers to see the fate of France in the hands of a woman. The reign of the Grand Monarch and of Louis XV have given us enough experience of that. But for a woman to master — by the mere power of her personality — a party embracing so many discordant elements and rent by so many conflicting ambitions, is something to astonish and enthrall us, even here in the Conciergerie. For we prisoners are accustomed to the incredible: we daily face the greatest of miracles — that we are still alive.

Poor Marie Philipon has now left us. In the early gray of this morning's dawn, she was led away.

The woman who has made me comprehend better the struggles and the tragedy of the Gironde than if I had been part of it, the woman who has succeeded in reconciling me with my most

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hated opponents, with my deadly enemies — is no longer among the living. Don't misinterpret my words, my dear friend. Marie Philipon has not shaken in the slightest degree my firm convictions. I am just as solidly grounded to-day as yesterday in my faith that the mad leaders of the Gironde have plunged France into disgrace, misery, and ruin. However, after my conversations with Madame Roland, I see clearly that this was not their purpose, and that they themselves were swept away by the torrent of filth and blood which they unloosed. I see these hapless, tragic leaders in a new light, and no longer hate them as before. And I shall not hate them even when I stand upon the scaffold, and inhale for the last time a deep breath of fresh air, and fill my eyes with a farewell view of the sunshine and glory and brightness of the world; even when I recall all of which I have been bereft, all that I must leave behind me. Calmly, unshaken in my Christian faith, unshaken in my loyalty to my enlightened Master and King, I shall know how to die, the same man that I have been all my life — and yet, not quite the same, for I have learned to understand the people who have brought me to the scaffold. I have forgiven them, and I have no charge to bring against them.

Marie Philipon has wrought this miracle. It is more wonderful than her leadership of the Gironde. Though I retract nothing, though I have not changed my principles, beliefs, and convictions, I mourn to-day for one of the greatest of women — a woman whose loftiness of soul, whose tenderness, whose noble discipline of spirit, whose sensitive, delicate charm brought her to this great antechamber of death. How indignant she would be to hear these qualities attributed to her! Or may she not now comprehend many things which she could not see when enveloped in the stormy whirlwind of her recent life? I do not know; nor do I care to speculate upon that. I do know, however, that even after she was sentenced to death, she maintained that the cause for which she was tried as a traitor and condemned was the noblest, fairest, and truest cause, and that no happier fate could befall a mortal than to lay down her life for that cause. She met her fate unpretentiously and humbly, knowing perfectly well what it was to be from the moment she was brought to the Conciergerie.

To-day, at the first light of dawn, her hour struck. When she came back from her hearing before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she shook hands with us all. She was pale and exhausted. For a whole day she had been tortured with humiliating, insulting, impudent questions. Madame Roland had fought not only for her life, but also for her honor. When she stood there in our presence, one of us — possibly it was your friend — began to weep. Madame Roland laid her hand on the man's shoulder, and said: 'No, no, my dear sir, don't do that. Let us not cause each other more sorrow. We have done enough of that already. Let us try to make each other happy to-day. Won't you? Yes?'

And indeed, the answer was yes. I have made my peace not only with her, — whose fair face smiles to me from the other shore, — I have made my peace with all who have caused me sorrow or done me ill. My soul is as tranquil and purified as that of Marie Philipon. Even on the scaffold, she was thoughtful and sympathetic. She permitted a feeble, gray-haired man named Lamarche to precede her, in order that the poor old creature might be spared the sight of her execution.

That was Marie Philipon. Strong and tender, proud and humble, stirring and self-sacrificing, proudly self-sufficient and ever thoughtful of those

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about her. I think of her as my glance wanders over our gloomy room, already growing dark in the falling twilight, and catches the hollow-eyed stare with which its inmates scan each other. And my mind will not depart from this woman, without whom we might perhaps never have found ourselves in this descent to inferno, but without whom we should never have learned to know the most perfect and rarest miracle of God — a pure, radiant, true human soul.

Since my hair has begun to whiten, I know that nothing is to be had for nothing, that we must pay for everything. I summon myself before the bar of my conscience, and I record here on the threshold of death that the price is not too dear and that it is well worth while to pay it; and I will say this on that last morning when I step down from the executioner's cart, lift my head for the last time, fill my lungs with my last draft of fresh, free air, and let my eyes dwell for a farewell glance upon the light and warmth of the world. I shall think of the woman who died there before I did. My last thought shall be of Marie Philipon, who once held the fate of France in her tiny, white, shapely, woman's hands.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN GREEK LITERATURE

BY J. U. POWELL, M.A. OXON.

[*Mr. Powell is the Senior Tutor of St. John Baptist College, Oxford. He has devoted a long period of research to Greek history and literature of the fourth century B.C. and the centuries following it. With Mr. E. A. Barber, he is co-author of* New Chapters in the History of Greek Literature.]

From *Discovery, January*
(BRITISH SCIENTIFIC MONTHLY)

THE Mediterranean lands are slowly giving up their secrets. Several articles have appeared in *Discovery* dealing with the new light cast upon early civilization in the Eastern Mediterranean by the discoveries in Crete and on the mainland. These discoveries reveal a civilization which preceded the Greek age; and, although we cannot yet read the written records, we can largely reconstruct the history from the remains of the civilization themselves. This paper deals with a later age, with fresh evidence upon the close of the classical Greek period, when its brilliance, though not its influence, had begun to wane. It is the period between the Athenian and the Roman age in the Eastern lands, roughly speaking from 350 to 150 B.C.

In the fifth century B.C. the great Athenian statesman Pericles is said to have proudly boasted that Athens was 'a liberal education to Greece.' But in these centuries we see, not Athens, but Greece becoming a liberal education to the nearer East through the conquests of Alexander, and to the rising and conquering power of Rome through the numerous centres of Greek culture spread along the Mediterranean.

The Greek literature which we pos-

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sess is but a fragment — a large fragment, no doubt — of all that was written. But more is coming to light. Some of those authors who were little more than names, and whose works are only known to us by the briefest mention, are becoming personalities to us through recent discoveries, disinterred mainly from the sands of Egypt and the lava of Herculaneum.[1] They are not by any means all Athenian. The brilliance of Athenian genius in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. has largely eclipsed that of the writers in other parts of the Greek world; but when Athens came to be only the most distinguished of many cultured cities after the middle of the fourth century, we can see more clearly how widely diffused and how prolific Greek culture was. After the death of Alexander the Great in 323 B.C., the kingdoms of the Eastern Mediterranean were thrown into the melting-pot. But meanwhile, in the central Mediterranean, another power, that of Rome, was rising and spreading its influence, and its great Empire was taking shape; a political success in its own strength, but intellectually inspired and infused by Greek thought. It was in these less brilliant centuries that those writers flourished who influenced Roman thought directly in the departments of philosophy and poetry, and it is the life of these important centuries that is now being continually brought to light from papyri and inscriptions.

Let us take first that side of Greek life which has largely occupied the attention of scholars during recent years, and which may almost be called a new department of study — Greek Religion; and first the cult of Apollo. His oracle at Delphi was one of the most famous institutions of antiquity; and though the cult gradually decayed and finally vanished, a certain splendor surrounds it even in its later years. Two out of the five Hymns inscribed on stone and discovered at Delphi in the closing years of the last and the opening of the present century, are remarkable, one for a vocal, the other for an instrumental, score which accompany the words. When we see the magnificent remains of Greek temples, as, for instance, at Athens or Paestum,[2] it is not difficult for the imagination to reconstruct the appearance which they presented when thronged by worshipers at some festival. Such a scene is presented by the words of these hymns, which speak of the processions, the choir singing and dancing, their long hair flowing down, the flutes playing, and the sweet incense rising into the air, as they celebrated the miraculous deliverance of the Delphic temple (in 278 B.C.) from the invading Gauls. The ritual had become a fine art, for we hear of guilds of professional performers at Athens. Strongly contrasted with such stately ceremonial is a primitive piece of magic ritual, appearing in a hymn found in Crete, in which the worshipers 'leaped' to secure fertility for their flocks and fields, singing a kind of Rogationtide Litany. But there is little permanence for a religion consisting only of miracle and ritual, and less for one of magic, and these types were doomed to pass away. The higher aspirations of the period will come before us presently in a different form; meanwhile let us look at some pictures of ordinary life at three typical centres — Athens, Cos, and Alexandria.

Comedy is a good mirror in which to see contemporary life. The earlier

[1] This was a Greek settlement on the shores of the Gulf of Naples, overwhelmed by the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in A.D. 79, and first rediscovered in the year 1738.

[2] This was originally a Greek colony, set on the shores of the Gulf of Salerno, about fifty miles south of Naples.

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comedies produced in the days of the Athenian Empire and the Peloponnesian War were largely political pamphlets. But by this time the keen political interest of Athens had passed away. The chief writers of the later or 'New' Athenian Comedy, Philemon and Menander, present us merely with pictures of everyday life, a comedy not of politics, in earnest or burlesque, but wholly of manners; they hold up the mirror to social and private life, and so far they were among the teachers of their times.

In their dramatic writings we are introduced to a comfortable middle-class society, in which the father often goes a long voyage on business and comes back to find, like Odysseus, trouble at home. The son has been sowing his wild oats, dicing, drinking, falling in love, and then thinking of enlisting for Caria or far-off Bactria in some Foreign Legion; hence arise complications and difficulties, closed by a reconciliation; in short, the kind of incidents which meet us in the late Victorian novel.

Menander intended the spectator to profit by what he saw. Here is a characteristic passage from his play, *The Guardians:* —

SMICRINES. By the gods —

ONESIMUS. Gods? Do you suppose that the gods have leisure enough to assign good and evil day by day to each man separately?

SMICRINES. What do you mean?

ONESIMUS. I will make it clear to you. Speaking roughly, there are a thousand cities in the world, each with thirty thousand inhabitants. Do the gods ruin or save each individual?

SMICRINES. How could they? A laborious kind of life they would have!

ONESIMUS. 'Do they, then, take no heed of us?' you will say. Well, in each one of us they have implanted his character as the commandant of his soul. This inward power is one man's ruin, if he make a bad use of it, but saves another. This is our Daimon, the cause of each man's prosperity or failure. Make this Power propitious to you by doing nothing absurd or foolish, so that you may prosper.

A story of real Athenian life about this time is brought before us in one of the newly-discovered speeches of Hypereides, a clever lawyer and orator of the fourth century B.C., in which a young booby of a country gentleman falls into the clutches of a fraudulent vendor and a courtesan. The story is this. The young man wanted to buy the freedom of a slave-lad who belonged to an Egyptian engaged in a perfumery business at Athens, but was told that this could not be done, unless the freedom of his father and his brother was also bought. The woman, in whose clutches he had already been, persuaded him to buy the three outright for about £120. A draft agreement was produced with suspicious promptness, and the vendor read out the terms, the buyer of course being in a hurry; soon after it had been sealed, the buyer discovered that he had bought not only the slaves, but also their debts, which the woman had represented to be small. But creditors sprang up on all sides, and the total amounted to no less than £1200. One of the slaves had been the vendor's manager in the perfumery business, and these debts had of course been incurred by the vendor through his manager! No wonder that 'to play the Egyptian' was an Athenian colloquialism for 'to be a rascal!'

Pictures of vulgar life come before us in the island of Cos in the south of the Ægean. It was a busy and well-governed place, perhaps with a daily service of vessels between it and the great city of Alexandria; a literary centre, and possessing the tradition of a celebrated school of medicine. But it had a seamy side. The new author,

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Herondas, gives us scenes from every-day life, some rather sordid, in poems containing dialogues generally between women. In fact, women form the subject of all of them. They gossip about the 'eternal servant question'; they attend worship at the temple of Asclepius; and in one poem, the scene of which is probably laid at Ephesus, they spend time pricing expensive shoes in the shop of a glib and plausible shoemaker. Here is an extract: —

SHOEMAKER. Boy, open the box and bring out some of my best works of art. Look quietly in, madam, and open the shoe-case. Look at the heel, and the ornamented pattern on it! All good workmanship! And the grain! Incomparable! Look at the latest fashions! Here are your parrot-colored shoes, your crab-colored shoes, your scarlet shoes, your orange-tawny shoes; ankle-tips, night-trippers, laced boots, loose boots, slippers, sandals. Say what your heart desires.

LADY. How much do you want for the pair you took up first? Don't name too 'thundering' a price.

SHOEMAKER (*after some voluble protestations*). Three pounds ten, madam, not a farthing less.

It is a high price, even for the extravagant lady; but after haggling, she buys some shoes, and the woman who introduced the customers is promised a pair as commission for herself. A vase-painting has been preserved of such a scene, a lady visiting a shoemaker and being measured. But in two of the pieces the figures are of a coarser and lower type, and in one of them the moral corruption inherent in ancient slavery appears very plainly. Among male characters we read of pugilists, garroters, gamblers, or seafaring men ashore for a carouse. The streets of the town are narrow, with mud up to the knees, like a Turkish town of the present day. The language put into the mouth of these people is that of common life, colloquial, full of vulgarisms, slang, and proverbs. The author is a 'Realist' to the core, and has been well called the Teniers of Greek literature. His most entertaining piece is entitled *The Schoolmaster;* the characters in it are a truant boy, his angry mother, and a schoolmaster, on whom she is paying a parental visit. Her complaint is that her boy will not attend school, but prefers disreputable company, such as porters and runaway slaves, with whom he plays pitch-and-toss. Even when his father helps him to write from dictation, he will have none of it; and if he is scolded, he runs away to his grandmother's, or climbs up on to the roof and sits there like a monkey, and breaks the tiles, for which his parents have to pay. In short, he is an imp of mischief, and the neighbors put everything down to him. The schoolmaster promises to cure him, and in spite of his roars for mercy gives him a sound flogging; and even so, says his mother, the flogging has not been enough: 'Whip him till sunset.'

Let us now turn to Alexandria. Here, too, the papyri give us glimpses of low life. The great port was the meeting-place of travelers from the Eastern and Western seas, and there were the amusements which we should expect in such a place. Scraps have been preserved apparently from farces performed in music-halls. One, for instance, perhaps from the first century B.C., introduces a tipsy sea-captain with his boon companions, male and female. Another is part of a farce in which the scene was perhaps laid on the coast of Southern India, if the identification of the language in which one of the characters speaks is correct, for it is thought to be Kanarese. It is a story of adventure: a Greek maiden, held captive by Indian barbarians, is rescued by her brother, who makes the Indians and their king too drunk to

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pursue them. Not only were Greeks great travelers, but India had intercourse with Egypt. We know from inscriptions of the great Buddhist, King Asoka, that there were Buddhist missionaries in Egypt in this period. Other fragments are of a lower nature.

But we must not think that the morals of that generation in Egypt were as miry as the streets of Cos, or that its mind was as narrow and tortuous. More respectable people appear in the private correspondence of the Ptolemaic era (323–31 B.C.) which has come to light, and which reveals a well-governed, prosperous, and industrious society of business men, farming on scientific principles, learning mensuration, draining and irrigating their arable land and vineyards, and paying rent and taxes. And in 245 B.C. we read of a strike of slaves who worked in a stone-quarry, and deserted. Nor were the amenities of social life wanting, as may be seen from the following letter of about the same year: —

Demophon to Ptolemæus greeting. Do your best to send me Petoüs, the flute-player, with the Phrygian flutes and the others; pay any necessary expenses, and I will refund them. Send me also Zenobius with kettledrum, cymbals, and castanets, for the ladies require him for the sacrifice. Let him also be dressed in the finest clothes. Get the kid also from Aristion and send it to me; and send as many cheeses as you can, and a new jar; and vegetables of all kinds, and any delicacies which you have. Good-bye. Put them on board with the guards who will help to bring the boat.

One point of some historical interest appears. It is probable that in a letter of A.D. 41 we have the earliest known reference to the Jews as money-lenders. A person involved in some money difficulties in Egypt is written to as follows: 'Say to him [i.e. to the creditor], I am not like anyone else, I am a lad. . . . We have many creditors; do not drive us out. Ask him daily: perhaps he can take pity upon you: if not, do you, like all people, beware Jews.'

Turn now to the more serious side of this newly-found literature, which meets us in the philosophers and moralists. The different schools of philosophy all had their popular teaching and they were the guides of life for the educated class. As we have already noted, works by Philodemus and Polystratus have been deciphered from the charred rolls of Herculaneum. They are popular expositions of Epicureanism; and there is also a similar exposition of Stoicism of a rather later date, the first century A.D., by one Hierocles. Polystratus, a new writer, with his earnest and intense convictions, reminds us constantly of the great Roman Epicurean Lucretius. 'Only by the knowledge of the *Phusis*[3] of things,' he cries, 'can men be freed from their enslavement to False Notions and Perturbations, from all Commotions and Fears. This alone makes life free.' But how serious these teachers were can best be seen from the remains of another Epicurean who lived in the second century A.D. In a small town called Œnoanda, some thirty miles inland from the Asiatic coast opposite Rhodes, a long and remarkable inscription was discovered a short time ago on a ruined stone portico. The philosopher's name was Diogenes, and the inscription which he wrote opens thus: 'I have observed that mankind was worried and troubled and distracted with unnecessary matters; and I felt pity for their life and wept over the perdition of the times, and have decided that it is a good man's duty to come to their help.' . . . With apostolic earnestness, and actually in apostolic language, he goes on: 'Now that I am an old man and the sun of

[3] The word means 'the law or process of growth.' The usual, but rather misleading, rendering is 'Nature.'

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life is sinking, and I shall soon depart from life, I would do what in me lies. . . . Most men catch the infection of False Notions, one from another, like sheep. . . . I have resolved to make use of this portico to publish the Medicines of Salvation. It is right also to help those who will come after us, since they, too, are ours, even though they have not yet been born; and to help strangers, too, for that is humane' ('philanthropic' is his word).

Place beside these a writer of quite a different tone, Cercidas, who lived in the third century B.C. and belonged to the school of philosophers called Cynics (lit. 'doggish'), from their contempt for elegance and even for decent conventionalities. He may be regarded as practically a new author. He writes a lyric metre in a concise and mordant style, coining words with such facility and vigor that they produce a most emphatic effect. He inveighs against the unequal distribution of wealth, fiercely denounces luxury and high living, the 'swinish wealth,' enjoyed by 'sepulchres of fat,' as he calls the profiteers of those days, in two of his vigorous new words. 'Why should spendthrifts and misers have the money, and not I?' he cries — and we fancy that many of our modern authors will heartily agree with him! 'Is Justice as blind as a mole, and has the brightness of Themis been dimmed? How, then, do the gods come in, who have apparently neither the power of hearing nor of seeing?' He leaves the answer sarcastically to the 'sky-praters,' who he expects will not find the least difficulty. 'But let help for the sick and charity to the poor be our care.'

The idea of the community of property had been in the air during the fourth century. It had been ridiculed by the radiant wit of Aristophanes in the *Women in Parliament* and the *Plutus*, it had occupied the mind of Plato in the *Republic*, and met with the grave criticism of Aristotle in the *Politics*. But in the third century it had become a burning question in the south of Greece because of the military needs of Sparta. The most recent writer upon Cercidas suggests that his attack upon the grasping and vicious rich was meant as a warning to his own party (in his own city of Megalopolis, a near neighbor of Sparta) to mend their ways before it was too late, for the time might come when the rich would have to 'disgorge.'

The same theme is treated in a fragment of a new poem by Phœnix of Colophon, who lived about a generation before Cercidas. He directs vigorous satire against the rich with their splendid houses and their immense property, while 'their real selves are worth — three halfpence.' Two other poems attack the vice of greed: 'Everyone is the moneyed man's friend: if you are a rich man, even the gods will love you; but if you are poor, your own mother will hate you.'

Here we have, even in this later age, the old virility of Greek thought and its determination to cut to the root of the matter. And our own generation may well take to heart this splendid tradition of the Greeks, their eager quest for knowledge, their burning zeal for truth, their call to never-ceasing moral effort, in which they found their 'Medicines of Salvation.'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

BY GLADYS HEAD

[*Poetry Review*]

I KNOW a village in the North,
A little village, gray and old,
That struggles down a hillside slope,
Upon a stretch of Yorkshire wold.

And twice a hundred folk live there,
And I have known them all by name,
And healed their hurts, and closed their eyes,
Kept open house, whoever came.

To eastward of the cobbled street
There broods the church of crumbling stone
Where still an ancient faith is kept,
And one red lamp burns dim and lone.

The doors stand open to the road
Where mothers and their babies sit
And chatter of the day's events,
Till sunset falls and lamps are lit.

And if you walk for half a mile
The village street is left behind,
And eager is my heart's desire
To mount the fell and kiss the wind.

The joyous incense of the gorse,
The laughing heather 'neath my tread,
I 'm not ashamed of these my tears —
You 'd know, if you were Northern bred!

THE SKY

BY M. BARDWELL

[*Poetry Review*]

TO-DAY
The sky is very far away,
So blue
It is; and, soft as squirrels' tails,
Float over it, like little sails,
Small clouds.

THE HOUSES IN THE WOOD

BY J. E. S.

[*Poetry Review*]

I WONDER why these rich men should
Build red-brick houses in the wood,
And make a wide macadam road
Where timid wild things once abode.
Neat variegated shrubs adorn
The spot where then stood tangled thorn;
Each villa has a different name:
My valiant pines look wan and tame.

SEPTEMBER

BY W. FORCE STEAD

[*Voices*]

ON quilted hills of pleatings green and brown
The ploughman turns the weeded stubble down,
And earth rewards him at his noontide ease
With green-leaf-moving, brown-hay-breathing breeze.

ROMNEY MARSH

BY A. G.

[*London Graphic*]

TATTERED skies and driving rain,
And a sullen, surly sea,
Cattle huddled on the plain —
What has summer brought to me?

Northward, where the marshes end,
Hills with storm clouds on their brow,
Tall reeds hissing as they bend —
What has summer left me now?

Winter gales have stripped the trees,
Stilled the laggard lapwing's call,
Leaving in the world no ease,
In my heart no song at all.

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A RUSSIAN ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE

CRITICISM of the morbidity and gloom of Russian literature has long been familiar in America, nor have the literary developments of the Bolshevist régime — striking as they have been — overcome the critics. The wild mysticism of Byelii and Essenin, the 'Scythian' doctrine of Blok, seem to the American mind almost as morbid as the profound gloom of the earlier novelists.

Now comes Professor A. C. Iashchenko, who in the *Russkaia Kniga*, published in Berlin, voices much the same criticism that has been rife even among the sincerest American admirers of the great Russians. He brings the old familiar charge of unwholesomeness; but he does more: he prophesies a future Russian literature that shall break with the past — a literature characterized by 'brightness of life, energy, and will-power, ability to struggle, bravery, cheerfulness, and acceptance of this world as it is.'

In his introductory remarks Professor Iashchenko observes that whatever class, element, or party is to rule Russia, it has to reconstruct Russia on new foundations, that in this work public education will be of prime importance, and that the most efficient tool of instruction is the book. He then goes on to consider the classes of books needed for the new Russia — textbooks for elementary schools, technical books, textbooks for high schools, scientific literature. When he takes up belles lettres, he severely criticizes the Russian classics: —

'What characteristics have the heroes of our literature? Moral weakness, viciousness, and attempts to justify their depravity by the defects of life itself in its essentials; dreams about the future, and sheer inability to realize these dreams in practical life; incapacity for an active, wise, and creative struggle; laziness and a Buddhistic non-resistance to evil; often intentional evil and thirst for general destruction; justification of all vices and downfalls by the tempting principle of "all or nothing" (but as divine completeness is not given to anyone in this imperfect world, there is left only "nothing").

'And so you see: — Griboiedov, with his over-wise Chatskiĭ, sharp of tongue, who at the end shamelessly runs away, yielding before life's ugliness. Lermontov, with his wicked and wickedly harmful (but not at all demoniacal) *Hero of Our Time*. And all his heroes are wicked, revengeful, criminal, like his nobleman Orsha, Arbenin, and the merchant Kalashnikov. Gogol, picking out of our life all the freaks, monstrosities, and scoundrels, so that he himself became frightened with his cheerless pictures. His longing for "inspiring" creation, his sufferings over the second volume of his *Dead Souls*, and his tragedy during the last days of his life — all this was not insanity, but a deep dissatisfaction with his work. Turgenev, with his Rudins, "superfluous people," with his Hamlets from Shigrov County, with his faithless and spineless heroes. Herzen, personifying in himself a Rudin-type "man of the forties," his Bolshevistic maximalism expressed in *Letters from Italy and France*, with his preaching of general destruction of the West-European culture, his weakness, smallness, and self-esteem in his *Byloe and Dumy* (see especially the last edition of the fifth volume). Goncharov, with his lazy, idle Oblomov and weak-willed Raĭskiĭ. Dostoevskii, with all his "idiots," "devils," epileptics, fanatics, exalted

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dreamers. Chekhov, with his "dusk heroes," forever longing for something, sick, and powerless. Our newest poetry with its "petty devils," decadency, immorality, stumbling spirit, and the poison of Blok.

'When such a long procession of wretched shadows — all these broken and deteriorated representatives of our intelligentsia — passes before us, how can we wonder at what has now happened in Russia?

'Really our literature — grand and violent in its expression of longing and pain — is not responsible for the fact that it contains so little of the bright, healthy, and strengthening elements of life: Russian life and Russian society are responsible for its being such as it is.

'The misfortune which has befallen us will seal the old sinful, weak Russia forever. The new Russia must be built on a new foundation and must be permeated with a new sound spirit. For this Russia will need literature which breathes and carries with it brightness of life, energy, and will-power, ability to struggle, bravery, cheerfulness, and acceptance of this world as it is — a place where evil always exists, but where a struggle with it always goes on, a struggle in which good triumphs at the end. Death is forever striking the living, but around the grave young life is always playing. Life triumphs, not death: good, not evil.'

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SERGEI DE DIAGHILEFF AND GORDON CRAIG ON MOVING PICTURES

Two distinguished workers in the more modern methods of stagecraft have lately expressed themselves vigorously and unfavorably on the subject of motion pictures. Numerous moving-picture producers have from time to time approached M. Sergei de Diaghileff, director of the Russian Ballet, with the suggestion that the art of his dancers ought to be preserved in films, but the Russian impresario has always refused, believing 'the reality of the ballets to be superior to their reproduction.' In only one case did he allow a film to be made. Chaikovskii's 'Sleeping Princess' was photographed for the cinema, because M. de Diaghileff regarded it as 'the greatest masterpiece of a period which came to an end with the passing of the old régime in Russia,' and desired to have it permanently recorded. Although this was an exceptional case, M. de Diaghileff nevertheless suffered misgivings, as he explains in an interview given to the *London Observer:* —

Even to the suggestion that 'The Sleeping Princess' should be filmed, it has been difficult to consent, because the cinema at the present moment is threatened, like the tango and other fashions, with perishing. In fact, it is in its present state a branch that is withering, and one cannot even say of what it is a branch — whether it is a branch of art, or a branch of commerce, or a branch of anything whatever.

The cinema is a product of to-day, and it is almost terrifying to think that, though it ought to be the height of modernity, it has more routine than Italian opera. For a quarter of a century Italian opera represented the extreme routine that the theatre could offer. It was necessary to have Titans like Wagner, Debussy, and Moussorgskii to devote their lives to fighting against this theatrical routine. And with the present condition of the cinema I cannot calculate the dimensions of the Titans whom it would be necessary to engage for a similar combat.

Its literature is like the melodrama of the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the same false morality, the same false sentimentality, and with effects which are entirely external. It is with this literature that those are nourished whom no theatrical literature can reach. And, what is still more surprising, in the centre of the great capitals of Europe one is obliged to sit for hours looking at a piece which no theatre manager would dare to produce, and listen-

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ing to music which not even a restaurant manager would have the audacity to offer to his patrons. And all because a gentleman jumps from one roof to another or a lady floats on a piece of ice.

In the columns of the *English Review*, Mr. Gordon Craig — who never hesitates to refer to a spade in uncompromisingly agricultural terms — swells the chorus. He has written a typically Craigian essay, ornamented with multitudinous asterisks, frequent paragraphs, and a somewhat meandering stream of thought, but with a wealth of pungent opinion. Mr. Craig has no use whatever for the cinema: —

It is nothing new: it is merely one more milestone as we go downhill, as we are led downhill by the nose. . . . It appeals to the vulgarity of most, the idleness of many, the economy of all, the fear of the ignorant, the laziness of half the world, the curiosity of the other half, the 'wisdom' (i.e., the pocket) of the few.

From this comparatively mild introduction, Mr. Craig works himself up by degrees into a fine frenzy. He avers that 'the cinema rules the people as in ancient days a degenerate church ruled them'; and complains that 'it glorifies the lowest in the terms of the highest,' for 'all that it touches it smears.' Indeed, Mr. Craig grows so bitter that he goes back some four centuries to the Old Testament plays of mediæval Paris and attacks 'the most vulgar organizers of the time,' — namely, the worthy producers of these miracle plays, — 'because they held that the people did not get enough Realism in the performance of the High Mass.'

Curiously enough, Mr. Craig, whose whole life has been a protest against slavish realism in theatrical art, says little of the possibilities of adapting the despised motion pictures to the newer methods of staging for which he is himself so distinguished.

DEANS, ARCHBISHOPS, PRINCESSES, AND KINGS

When the Archbishop of Canterbury entered Westminster Abbey to perform the marriage ceremony for Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, his right of entry was formally challenged by the Dean of Westminster. Needless to say, the Dean had no idea of interfering with the wedding or of pitching an Archbishop unceremoniously into the street. He was merely exercising the ancient prerogative of the Abbey clergy, who are entitled to refuse recognition of superior control. Formal protest having been made and the rights of the Abbey thus maintained, the Archbishop proceeded as he wished.

When the ceremonies for the coronation of King Edward VII were under discussion, this right of challenge was brought to the attention of Archbishop Temple, who then occupied the See of Canterbury.

'H'm,' remarked the Archbishop, with the grim smile that was characteristic of him, 'I am the only man in England empowered to crown a Sovereign. Suppose I accept the protest and quit the place. What will happen then?'

No one has yet solved the Archbishop's puzzle. Probably the Dean's protest was correspondingly mild.

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THE GULF STREAM'S DAUNTLESS DEFENDER

Canadian proposals to dam Belle Isle Strait in order to construct a railway across it have stirred up vigorous protests in Great Britain, where it is feared that the Labrador current will thus be diverted and will replace the Gulf Stream as the determining factor in the climate of the British Isles. English geographers scoff at the idea that the Gulf Stream has anything to do with their climate, but the unhappy

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current, thus abandoned by those who once most fondly cherished it, finds one fearless defender in W. S. of the *Manchester Guardian*. W. S. — whoever he may be — is clearly writing as a poet and not as a man of science, but the emphasis of his protest is not to be mistaken. He will not allow even so eminent a scientist as Professor Gregory to cast aspersions on the Gulf Stream:—

THE PROTEST OF A DIE-HARD

The idols that we cherish,
Illusions we adore,
Eventually perish
And raise their heads no more.

But, oh! my spirit clings to
One lesson of my youth,
Which Mr. Gregory brings to
The acid test of truth!

Aye! this I take my stand by,
For this my flag 's unfurled,
Although I hear it 's banned by
The scientific world.

There ne'er shall come a time at
Which this belief shall go —
That Britain owes her climate
To the Gulf of Mexico!

A POSTHUMOUS REPRIMAND

THE will of Alexander Louis Teixeira de Mattos, the English translator of Fabre, Maeterlinck, Zola, and many other Continental writers, contains one bequest that will interest a good many book-lovers who have loaned their favorite volumes not wisely but too well — at any rate, too generously. The estate of Mr. de Mattos was not large, its gross value amounting to less than £3000, and many of his bequests take the form of books. He leaves books to many of his friends. One volume in particular is left to a certain friend and is described as one 'which he borrowed many years ago and has not returned!'

'THE ANIMALS' READING CLUB'

MR. GEOFFREY DEARMER, in the columns of the *New Statesman*, prints this little fantasy — one hardly knows whether to call it literary or zoölogical:—

Up in a tree on a spray of japonica
A peahen croaked over *Ann Veronica*.
Beside her a not very bright baboon
Sat deeply engrossed in *Lorna Doone*.
Between the branches a solemn giraffe
Wondered with Bergson why we laugh.
A spotted hyæna (and rather a roué)
Suggested himself a course of Coué.
A persecuted and grumbling grouse
Welcomed the message of *Heartbreak House*.
A puritanical porcupine
Wrote tracts with his quills on women and wine.
A laughing (still laughing) jackass was seen
Extracting the gist of the Gloomy Dean.
An agile gibbon said: 'I 'm not at home
With my namesake's work on the fall of Rome.'
A pair of reactionary crocodiles
Fought for a volume of Eustace Miles.
A Barbary ape as he ate a banana
Wept salt tears over Santayana.
A bevy of otters abandoned their games
To continue a course of William James.
Cows forgot the mud and the midges
As they chewed the cud over Robert Bridges

BOOKS MENTIONED

Powell, J. U. and Barber, E. A. *New Chapters in the History of Greek Literature*. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Teffi, N. *Stamboul i Sohntse*. Berlin Mysl, 1921. 2 marks.

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